
MALATI AND MADHAVA

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INTRODUCTION.

MALATI and MADHAVA; or, the loves of the Youth Madhava and the maiden Malati has been already introduced to the knowledge of European readers, as an outline of the plot and a translation of part of the fifth Act were published by Mr. Colebrock in his Essay on Sanskrit and Prakrit Prosody. The specimens then given were calculated to convey a favourable impression of the merits of the drama, which the perusal of the entire piece will probably confirm.

The story of "Malati and Madhava" is one of pure invention, and the piece belongs to the class of compositions termed *Prakarana*. It is referred to as an example of the class by all the works on Rhetoric, the oldest of which it consequently precedes. The history of the drama, however, or more correctly of its author, is attended with more certainty than most of the topics of the literary history of the Hindus.

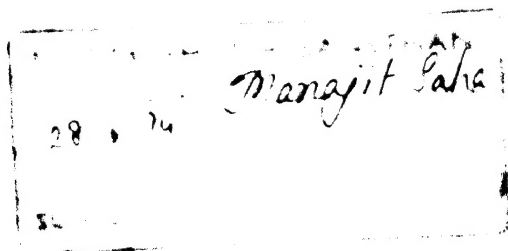
By the introductions to "Malati and Madhava," and the other dramas of the same writer, the "Uttara-Rama-Charitra" and the "Vira-Charitra," we are made fully acquainted with his origin and family. It appears from these accounts that Bhavabhuti, also named Srikantha, or he in whose throat eloquence resides, was the son of a native of the South of India, a Brahman of Berar or Beder, and a member

of the tribe of Brahmans who pretend to trace their descent from the sage Kasyapa, of whom it is said that some are still to be found in the vicinity of Condavir. The site of Bhavabhuti's birth-place is fully corroborated by the peculiar talent he displays in describing nature in her magnificence, a talent very unusual in Hindu bards, who delight to portray her minuter beauties, and one which he no doubt derived from his early familiarity with the eternal mountains and forests of Gondwana.

It appears, however, that the place of Bhavbhuti's nativity was not the scene of his literary triumphs and that these were attained under the patronage of the princes of Hindustan. The precision with which he delineates the topographical features of Ujjayini and its vicinity, leaves little doubt of his having spent some time at that city, for accuracy in this respect could have been obtained at any time in India only by actual observation. The "*Bhoja-Pravandha*," indeed, includes Bhavabhuti amongst the writers at the court of Bhoja at Dhar, but, as intimated elsewhere, this work can only be received as an authority for the priority of the writers described in it to the date of its own composition; the grouping, whether as regards place or time, being altogether fanciful. A preferable authority, the text of the "*Rupaka*," refers Bhavabhuti to some period anterior to Munja, predecessor of Bhoja, by its alluding clearly to *Malati* and *Madhava*, and from it therefore we

of some passages has led to an inexact interpretation of their import, the prosaic prolixity of others has involved the necessity of considerable compression and occasional omissions. The latter, when of any importance, will be particularised as they occur.

"Malati and Madhava" divides with "Sakuntala" the honour of being still occasionally, although not very commonly read by the Pandits, copies of it, therefore, are not very scarce. That used for the present translation was transcribed from Mr. Colebrooke's, as being singularly free from errors. It had the advantage also of being illustrated by two excellent commentaries. The most copious of these is the work of Jagaddhara, the son of Ratnadhara, described as a learned teacher, the prince of Pandits and poets, and administrator of law; the other is by a royal hand, the Rajadhiraja Malanka. We have no further particulars of these commentators, except that the first is known to have been a Maithila Brahman, and not very ancient.



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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Madhava.—The son of Devarata, studying at Padmavati in love with Malati.

Makaranda.—His friend, in love with Madayantika.

Kalahamsa.—Madhava's servant.

Aghoraghanta.—Priest of Chamunda, a terrific goddess.

A messenger.

WOMEN.

Malati.—The daughter of the Minister of State Bhuriyasu, in love with Madhava.

Madayantika.—The sister of Nandana and friend of Malati, in love with Makaranda.

Kamandaki.—Priestess of Buddha, nurse of Malati, and preceptress of Madhava.

Kapala-Kundala.—Priestess of Chamunda.

Saudamini.—Disciple of Kamandaki, and possessor of magical powers.

Lavangika.—Foster-sister of Malati.

Mandarika.—Attendant of Kamandaki, beloved by Kalahamsa.

Buddharakshita }
Avalokita } Disciples of Kamandaki.

Female Attendants.

PERSONS SPOKEN OF.

The Sovereign of Padmavati.

Nandana.—His favourite, the brother of Madayantika.

Bhurivasu.—His minister, the father of Malati.

Devarata.—The father of Madhava, and Minister at Kundinapura.

SCENE.—Ujjayini (Ougein), designated most usually as *Padmavati*, and its vicinity

TIME.—A few days.

PRELUDE.

BENEDICTION.

MAY the trepidations of Vinayaka's countenance, attended by the cry of terror, long preserve you ! those trepidations which at the dance of Sulapani proceeded from the entrance into his nostrils of the Lord of serpents with contracted hood, frightened at the cry of Kumara's peacocks, upon hearing the sound of the tabor struck by the delighted Nandi, and whence the regions were filled with the buzzing of bees flying away from his temples.

May the tresses interwoven with a circular garland of serpents for flowers, where the waters of the Mandakini are flowing over the lower chaplet of skulls worn in the crest, luminous with the light of the eye of the forehead, sparking like lightning, and of which the young moon is confounded with the point of the Ketaka flower, preserve thee !

Enter MANAGER.

Enough ! what need of prolixity. (*Looking to the East.*) Ha ! the celestial luminary, enlightening all the divisions of the world, is completely risen. I salute him. (*Bowing.*) Oh thou the universal form, who art the vessel of all auspicious light, be

propitious to me, and enable me to support the burden of the drama—remove from me, Lord of the world, those prostrate, every sin, and augment all that is favourable to success. (*He rings off the stage.*)—Hail! Marshal! the auspicious preparations are complete— from all quarters persons of distinction have come to celebrate the festival of Kalapayanatha, and I have been commanded by these wise and learned auditors to represent to them some new dramatic tale. How now? are the actors lazy?

Enter ACTORS.

Actor.—We are not informed, sir, of the kind of piece required by the audience.

Mar.—Say, Marsha, what are those qualities which the virtuous, the wise, the venerable, the learned, and the Brahmins require in a drama?

Actor.—Profound exposition of the various passions, pleasing interchange of mixed amusements, correct character, delicate expression of desire, a happy story, and elegant language.

Mar.—Yes, I recollect none.

Actor.—What is your view?

Mar.—There is, in the South, and in the province of Vidarbha, a city named Padmaparai, where dwell certain Brahmins of the family of Kasyapa, and followers of the Taittiriya portion of the Vedas according to the teacher Ushara, taking precedence at festivals, maintaining the five fires, observers of

propitious to me, and enable me to support the burthen of the drama; remove from me, Lord of the world, thus prostrate, every sin, and augment all that is favourable to success. (*Looking off the stage.*) Ho! Marisha! the auspicious preparations are complete; from all quarters persons of distinction have come to celebrate the festival of Kalapriyanatha, and I have been commanded by these wise and learned auditors to represent to them some new dramatic tale. How now! are the actors lazy?

Enter ACTOR.

Actor.—We are not informed, sir, of the kind of piece required by the audience.

Man.—Say, Marisha, what are those qualities which the virtuous, the wise, the venerable, the learned, and the Brahmans require in a drama?

Actor.—Profound exposition of the various passions, pleasing interchange of mutual affection, loftiness of character, delicate expression of desire, a surprising story, and elegant language.

Man.—Then I recollect one.

Actor.—What is it, sir?

Man.—There is in the South, and in the province of Vidarbha, a city named Padmanagara, where dwelt certain Brahmans of the family of Kasyapa, and followers of the Tittiri portion of the Vedas according to the teacher Charana; taking precedence at festivals, maintaining the five fires, observers of

The youth—he graceful as the god of love,
Herself love's blooming bride—nor seen in
vain.

Her waning form too faithfully betrays
The lurking care she now first learns to suffer.

Ava.—To soothe that care, then, has her skill por-
trayed

The lineaments of Madhava, to-day
Left by her foster-sister with Mandarika.

Kam.—In sooth not ill devised. Lavangika
Knows that the youth's attendant, Kalahamsa,
Doth love Mandarika, and shrewdly deems
That from her hands he will obtain the portrait
To show his master.

Aaa.—I have borne my part ;
And to the garden of love's god directed
The steps of Madhava at early dawn.
It is the festival of Madana. The princess
And damsel train will to his groves proceed,
And thus the youthful pair to-day will meet.

Kam.—Thanks, daughter, for your kindly zeal to aid
The object of my wishes. But now inform me,
If you have tidings of Saudamini,
Mine ancient pupil ?

Ava.—I learn that upon mount Sri-Parvata
She now resides, where, won by desp'rate
penance,
Power more than earthly waits upon her will.

Kam.—Whence is this information ?

MALATI AND MADHAVA.



ACT I.



SCENE I.—KAMANDAKI'S HOUSE.

Enter KAMANDAKI and AVALOKITA.

Kam.—Daughter, Avalokita.

Ava.—Mistress, your commands?

Kam.—I have a task in hand : connubial rites
Must join the amiable progeny
Of Bhurivasu and of Devarata,
Long cherished friends : fair Malati the maid,
And Madhava the youth. Auspicious signs
Forerun a happy fate, and even now
My throbbing eye-ball tells propitious destiny
Shall crown my schemes.

Ava.—In truth an anxious care
This business proves ; and much it moves my
wonder,

How it should happen, one in rank and power,
 High raised, as Bhurivasa, should require,
 To wed his child, the services of one
 Arrayed in tattered weeds, whose humble food
 Is the scant dole of charity, and whose
 thoughts

Disdain the obstacles that worldly troubles
 Oppose to sanctity and final bliss.

Kam. Thou errest, daughter. That the minister
 Appoints me to such duty, is the fruit
 Of his regard and confidence, and with
 prayers

And penances, and life, I am prepared
 All that my friend ordains me to fulfil.
 Recall you not, when from far distant realms
 Assembling students crowded to our school
 To gather science? Then, before my friend,
 Saudamini and me, it was convened
 By these two statesmen—at that time asso-
 ciate

In amity and study—that their children,
 When ripe in years, in love should be united.
 Hence Devarata, Vidarbha's king,

The pious councillor, sends from the capital
 Kundanapur, to study in our schools,
 His son the blooming Madhava, a youth
 Of more than common merit, to acquit
 The troth erst plighted, thus by him recalled
 To the remembrance of his ancient friend.

religious obligations, drinkers of the Soma juice, possessing names of note, and learned in the Vedas. These Brahmans constantly revered the study of holy writ, for the knowledge of truth; wealth, for the celebration of religious rites; wives, for the propagation of offspring; and life, for the practice of devotion.

Of this family, the grandson of one whose well-selected name Bhatta-Gopala, and the son of the pure in fame Nilakantha, whose auspicious appellation was Bhavabhuti, surnamed Srikantha, and whose mother was Jatukarni, a poet familiar through friendship with actors, has given us a drama composed by him, replete with all qualities. To which indeed this sentence is applicable. "How little do they know who speak of us with censure! This entertainment is not for them. Possibly some one exists, or will exist, of similar tastes with myself. For time is boundless, and the world is wide."

Again, what avails it to boast a knowledge of the Yoga, of the Sankhya, of the Upanishads, or of the Vedas? no benefit accrues from them in a dramatic composition. Fertility of imagination, melody of expression, and richness of meaning, are the indications of learning and of genius. Such a drama has been entrusted to us by the friendly and venerable Bhavabhuti, entitled *Malavika and Madhava*, one written by himself. Let all the actors prepared to represent this with their best abilities in the presence

May mighty *Brahma*, whose consummate skill
 With sympathising merit has endowed
 The graceful pair, perfect his high design.
 May our devices prosper : may the youth
 Obtain his wishes, and his love be crowned
 With the fair maid's affection : as the lotus,
 Buds in full beauty to the tender light
 The moon autumnal sheds upon its leaves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A GARDEN.

Enter KALAHAMSA (with a picture.)

I wonder where my master is to be found : he
 may well think his person equal to that of love him-
 self, since it has made an impression upon the heart
 of Malati. I feel rather weary, and shall take the
 liberty of reposing myself in this grove till I see my
 master and his friend.

[*Retires.*]

Enter MAKARANDA.

I learn from Avalokita, my friend
 Is in the grove of Madana, and thither
 I go to seek him. Ha ! he comes this way :
 Yet something sure disturbs him, for his step
 Has not its wonted nimbleness, his eyes
 Are fixed on vacancy, his whole attire
 Is disarrayed, and heaves his frequent sigh.
 Has love been busy here, whose potent will,
 By every lovely attribute administered,

Pervades the world, and on the form of youth,
Works sad and wondrous change ?

Enter MADHAVA.

'Tis strange—'tis passing strange, my vagrant
thoughts

No more return to me. Deserting shame,
Or self-respect, or fortitude, or judgment,
They dwell perverse upon one fond idea—
The lovely image of the moon-faced maid.
Wonder alone each faculty engrossed
As rapt I gazed upon her, and my heart,
As if immersed in heavenly nectar, glowed
Delusive ecstasy : too late I feel
I nursed a burning coal within my bosom.

Mak.—(*Coming forward.*) Madhava !

The sun is high, and darts his fiercest rays
Upon the aching brow : here let us enter,
And rest awhile beneath the garden's shade.

Madh.—Even as you please.

[Exeunt.]

KALAHANSA advances.

My master and his friend are undoubtedly the
two greatest ornaments of this garden. Well, shall
I now take him this picture of himself—the delight of
the eyes of Malati and solace of her amorous pain;
perhaps I had better let him repose himself awhile.
It shall be so.

Exit.

ANOTHER PART OF THE GARDEN.

Enter MADHAVA and MAKARANDA.

Mak.—Here, at the foot of this wide-spreading tree,
 Amidst the fragrance that the breezes waft
 Abroad from every bud, let us recline.

{ They lie down. }

To-day was one of peril, Madhava.
 You could not sure behold the num'rous
concours.

Of all our city's beauty, bound to pay
 Their annual homage at the shrine of love,
 And scape unharmed. In sooth, to me it
seems
 The shaft has 'lighted, and has grazed thy
heart.

Nay, never droop the lotus of thy face:
 If struck, reveal thy heart: why shame to
bear it?

Who can resist the heart-born deity?
 Creatures of passion, all confess his power,
 And Gods themselves are impotent as we.

Madh.—I own my weakness—listen to its cause.
 By Avalokita advised, I went
 To Kamadreea's temple, where I strayed,
 Till weary I reclined beside a fountain
 That laves the deep roots of a stately tree,
 Whose clustering blossoms wooed the wanton
bees

To cull their sweet inebriating fragrance.
Lulled by their songs, and tempted by the
shade.

I laid me down, and in pure idleness,
To while away the time, I gathered round me
The new fall'n blossoms, and assiduous wove
A flowery garland. Whilst I was thus employed.

There issued from the fane a beautiful maid,
Stately her gait—yet graceful as the banner
Love waves in triumph o'er a prostrate world.
Her train bespoke a princely rank—her garb
With youth's appropriate ornaments was
graced—

Her form was beauty's shrine, or of that shrine
Radiant she moved the guardian deity.
To mould her charms, whatever nature offers
Fairest and best, had surely been assembled,
And love omnipotent was her creator.
Led by her maidens to recollect the flowers,
That thickly hung on my o'ershadowing tree,
She neared the spot. Ah! then too plain I
noted

The signs of passion, for some happy youth,
Long entertained, the lovely maid revealed.
As slender as the lotus stalk her shape ;
Her pallid cheeks, like unstained ivory,
Rivalled the beauty of the spotless moon ;

And still her prompt compliance with the
wishes

Of her attendant damsels showed herself
Indifferent to all. I scarce had gazed
Upon her, but my eye felt new delight,
As bathed with nectar, and she drew my
heart

As powerfully as attracts the magnet gem
The unresisting ore, at once towards her.
That heart, though causeless be its sudden
passion,

Is fixed on her for ever, chance what may.
And though my portion be henceforth despair,
The goddess destiny decrees at pleasure
The good or ill of all created beings.

Mal.—Nay, Madhava, this cannot be, believe me,
Without some cause. Behold! all nature's
sympathies
Spring not from outward form, but inward
virtue.

The lotus buds not till to the sun has risen
Nor melts the moon-gem till it feels the moon.
What then ensued?

Mal.—When her fair train beheld me, they
exchanged
Expressive looks and smiles, and each to each,
As if they knew me, murmured—This is he
The music of their tinkling zones was stilled

Repressed the silver echo of their anklets
Sharp clanging to their undulating motion.
Hushed was the melody their bracelets made,
Whilst their fair lotus palms, in sportive
mood,
Were beating measure to their merriment.
Silent they stood, and with extended fingers,
As if they said, "The fates have favoured us,
Lady, behold *him* here!"

Mark.—(To himself.) This is indeed
A proof of preconceived regard.

Klein (dramatist.) What is all this about? some pleasing story of which woman is the object?

M. A.—Proceed, my friend.

M. H.—What words shall picture what those look,
conveyed,

The lore of love those lotus eyes revealed.
What firmness could resist the honest warmth
Of nature's mute expressiveness, nor fall
Before those orbs, that now like opening buds,
Beneath the creeper of the tremulous brow
Expansive bloomed, and now retiring shrink
But half-averted from the answering gaze.
Then dropped the veiling lashes o'er their
 brightness?

I felt their influence, and those looks of love,
Beaming with mild timidity, and moist
With sweet adandonment, bore off my heart—

Of Bhurivasu's daughter, Malati,
Whose foster-sister, and whose nearest friend,
Lavangika now stands before you."

Kal.—This is as we wish, and fortune favours the
design of the flower-armed deity.

Mak.—Malati, the daughter of the minister,
A mark for elevated rank, her name
Is ever in the mouth of her preceptress ;
And rumour adds, the king solicits her
In marriage for his favourite, Nandana.

Madh.—Requested by Lavangika I gave her
The flow'ry wreath. She took it with respect,
As 'twere a precious gift, and all the while
The eyes of Malati were fixed on her.
Bowing with reverence, she then retired.
And quickly disappeared amidst the throng.
The princess and the people left the grove
And I directed hitherward my steps.

Mak.—Your story, Madhava, most plainly shows,
That Malati's affection is your own ;
And the soft cheek, whose pallid tint denoted
Love preconceived, is pale alone for you.
She must have seen you, though we know not
where ;
But maidens of her rank do not allow
Their eyes to rest on one to whom they have
not
Already given their hearts : and then those
looks

That passed among her maidens, plainly
showed

The passion you had wakened in their
mistress.

Then comes her foster-sister's clear enigma,
And tells intelligibly whose her heart.

Kal.—(*Advancing.*) Look at this picture.

Mak.—Madhava's counterfeit—whose work is this ?

Kal.—Hers who has stolen his heart.

Mak.—What, Malati ?

Kal.—The same.

Madh.—This gives me faith, dear friend, in your
conjectures.

Mak.—But, Kalahamsa, how came you by this ?

Kal.—Mandarika gave it to me. She had it from
Lavangika.

Mak.—And what induced the princess to delineate
This picture ? did Mandarika inform you ?

Kal.—She painted it to amuse and relieve her distress.

Mak.—What say you, Madhava ? this lovely maid,
The soft light of your eyes, assuredly
Regards you bound to her in love's alliance.
What should prevent your union ? Fate and
love

Combined seem labouring to effect it. Come,
Let me behold the wondrous form that works
Such change in yours,—you have the skill ;
portray her.

Like the young elephant, when fever preys
On his yet tender frame. Our only hope
Is now Kamandaki.

Madh.—'Tis strange, most strange !

Where'er I turn, the same loved charms
appear

On every side. Bright as the golden bud
Of the young lotus gleams her beauteous face,
Though oft averted from my fond regards.

Alas ! my friend, this fascination spreads
O'er all my senses, and a feverish flame
Consumes my strength—my heart is all on fire,
My mind is tossed with doubt—and every
faculty

In one fond thought absorbed, I cease to be
Myself, or conscious of the thing I am.

[Exeunt.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

THE DWELLING OF MALATI.

Enter two FEMALE ATTENDANTS meeting.

First Att.—Hey, friend, I saw you just now near the music-room, in deep conversation with Avalokita : what were you two talking about ?

Second Att.—The whole story of the grove of *Kama* has been carried to Kamandaki by Madhava's friend ; and she being desirous of seeing Malati, sent Avalokita to her, who was telling me, that she had left Lavangika and the princess together.

First Att.—Why, Lavangika said she wanted to gather *bakula* flowers in the grove of *Madana*, and has not since returned : has she been heard of ?

Second Att.—Yes, the princess saw her coming, on which she dismissed her attendants at the door of her apartments, but detained Lavangika.

First Att.—She had some very agreeable news to tell Malati, I suppose, of the youth Madhava.

Second Att.—It is a hopeless passion I am afraid, and to-day's interview will only add to her distress. To-morrow the king gives the princess to Nandana ; her father has consented to the match.

First Att.—Consented !

Second Att.—Yes, he told the king that he was "lord over his own daughter." This passion of Malati and Madhava will only yield them misery as long as they live.

First Att.—Now, then, we shall see what Kaman-daki can do, and whether she will put forth her power.

Second Att.—You talk idly. Come, let us depart.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter MALATI and LAVANGIKA.

Mal.—Proceed, my dear Lavangika, proceed.

Lav.—This flowry wreath then did he send by me.

Mal.—(*Taking it.*) 'Tis strung unevenly.

Lav.—The fault is yours.

Mal.—How should that be?

Lav.—Where, deem you, were his thoughts?

Who caused that dark-hued youth's deep
agitation?

Mal.—Dearest Lavangika,

You ever speak me comfort.

Lav.—There might be better comfort. He himself,
Here in your presence—gazing raft upon you
With look intent, from eyes that tremulous
glow,

Like the blown lotus shaken by the zephyr,
Forced, from the timid plea of weaving
chaplets,

To dart upon you glances of delight,

From underneath the arching brow, that
waves

In curve as graceful as the brow of *Kama*.

Mal.—How can I credit this? how should I know,
From such brief interview, if the graceful
youth

Be true, or if he only seek to mock me?

Lav.—You have no need to fear in this, believe me.

Mal.—Well, well; complete your story.

Lav.—When I received the garland, I departed
And mingled with the crowd; thence to
Mandarika

I hastened, to receive again the picture
That in the morning had been left with her.

Mal.—With her!—With what intent?

Lav.—She has a lover, Kalahamsaka,
A follower of Madhava, and I knew
To him the picture would be shown, and all
That thence ensued would be revealed to me.

Mal.—(Apart.) Then Madhava has seen it?

(Aloud.) What is your dearest wish,
Lavangika?

Lav.—That he whose heart now pines in hopeless
passion,
May soothe his sorrows with this bright
resemblance
Of the fair cause of his distress.

(Shows Malati the picture drawn by Madhava.)

Mal.—(Contemplating it.) Yet still

My heart is ill at ease. I doubt me much
That this will prove a treach'rous comforter—
What have we here?

(Reads Makaranda's lines.)

Oh, Madhava! the graces of thy form,
Thy flattering tongue, and fascinating gaze,
Are all alike resistless—happy she
Who never has beheld them. On my heart
They, cruel, shed interminable anguish.

(Weeps.)

Lav.—Why, dearest friend, despond?

Mal.—What should I hope?

Lav.—Be sure of this, that he on whose account,
Like the young blossom from its slender stem
Plucked rude, you droop, and taste no more
the fragrance
Of the sweet jasmine—he, too, has been
taught,
By love's relentless god, how hard it is
To bear such agony.

Mal.—May happiness

Await his youth; for me, I dare not hope.
This is a day of strange and changeful feeling
Love spreads through every vein like subtlest
poison,
And like the fire that brightens in the breeze

Consumes this feeble frame—resistless fever
 Preys on each fibre—fatal is its fury.
 No one can bring me aid, nor tender mother
 Nor father, nor Lavangika can save me.

Lav.—Such mutual passion may, in sooth, bestow
 Delight when lovers meet; but when apart
 Condemns them to affliction. From a brief
 And passing gaze, thy life was brought in
 peril;
 And now to-day his nearer presence sheds
 A fiercer fever on thy delicate frame.
 What now is to be said? We must admit,
 The rarest and most difficult attainment
 Of all on earth, is union with a lover,
 Of equal excellence and like affection.

Ma.—Life is distasteful to me: leave me, friend:
 And yet I wrong thy gentleness. Repeatedly
 Recurring to the anguish of my heart,
 I lose all fortitude, and in my grief
 Become capricious and unjust—forgive me.
 Let the full moon blaze in the nightly sky.
 Let love rage on, death screens me from
 his fury.
 What should exact my love and veneration?
 My father, and my mother, and my race,
 Of still unblemished honour—not my life:
 No! nor the mortal who subdues my heart.

Lav.—(*Apart.*) What is to be done?

(An ATTENDANT enters, but without advancing far.)

Att.—The venerable Kamandaki.

Both.—What would she?

Att.—She seeks admission to the princess.

Both.—What should delay her?

(Attendant retires. MALATI conceals the picture.)

Both. (Aside.) In good time she comes.

Enter KAMANDAKI and AVALOKITA.

Kam.—*(Soliloquizing.)*

So far, my friend, respected Bhurivasa

So far is well—in either world, assent

Awaits thy answer to the king. He, of his
own,

Is the undoubted lord. Fate is our friend.

In all that chanced to-day in Kama's grove.

And in the interchange of tender tokens,

The garland and the picture, all conspires,

To crown our sanguine wishes with success.

Best pledge of blissful union is the bond

Of mutual love, and well the sage has said,

"The marriage rite shall prosper, when the eye

The tongue, and heart, unite the wedded pair.

Both.—The lady Malati.

Kam.—*(Surveying her.)*

I view her with affliction, and delight.

Slender her frame, and delicate and pale.

Like the young plumb-tree, or the waning moon.

Smoothing and pleasant is she to the eye,
Though thin and pallid be her cheek, and all
Declare the fires of love have triumphed here,
The hope of union with the youth engrosses
Her every thought. Loose and untied her
zone,

Her soft lip quivers—starting drops suffuse
Her gentle lips—her bosom palpitates,
And her dark eye in soft abandonment
Must, languid floats. Each look and gesture
speaks.

The fond desires that agitate her youth.

(Approaches)

Behold!

Alm. Priestess, I salute you. (Bow.)

Answer. May you enjoy, dear lady, in due season,
The fruit of all your wishes.

Ld. —Pray, be seated.

Mr. — Is all propitious with the priestess?

K = —(Singing) All.

2. (André) That sigh is but the prelude to our
play.

I have my cue. (Aloud.) And yet, respected lady,

Methodus that sigh, that struggling makes its way

Through starting tears, as with your words, at
variance.

What can its import be?

Kam.—Behold these weeds :

Sorts such a garb with one you call your
friend ?

Lav.—What follows ?

Kam.—I am grieved, like unmeet union

Should sentence youth and charms innumerable
Born to no profit, to a worthless bridegroom.

Lav.—You do not grieve alone ; the common voice
Condemns the minister's assent, and blames
His yielding Malati to be the bride
Of Nandana, because the king requests it.

Mal.—(Aside.) Alas ! I am an offering to the monarch
Presented by my father.

Kam.—Tis most strange

How he could overlook the vast defects
Of such alliance. But how can those
Feel natural affection for their offspring,
Whose souls are sunk in schemes of policy ?
His only thought is clearly to secure
The friendship of the monarch's chosen friend
And boon companion, by his daughter's
person.

Mal.—(Apart.) The king's regard is all in all with
him.

His Malati is nothing.

Lav.—'Tis as you say, dame ;

Or why should our young mistress thus be
sacrificed.

To age and ugliness ?

Mal.—(*Apart.*) Ah, luckless wench!

A thunderbolt has struck me to the ground.

Lac.—To you she ever has been like daughter;

Save her, dear lady, from this living death.

Kam.—What can I aid? Fate and her sire alone

Exact obedience from a daughter. True,

Sakuntala, of *Kuska*'s high race,

Bestowed her love on a self-chosen lord—

The king *Dushyanta*. A bright nymph of
heaven.

Espoused a mortal monarch, *Pururava*,

And the fair princess, *Vanavallata*, scorned

The husband of her father's choice, and fled

With Prince *Udyana*. So poets tell.

But these were desperate acts, and must not be

Proposed for imitation. Let the minister

Complete his will—secure his master's favour

With the rich offering of his daughter's peace,

And yield this maiden to the sovereign's friend,

Like the pale moon, to *Rahu*'s foul embrace.

Acc.—Mistress, time passes; it were well to think

Of *Madhava*, who needs your aid.

Kam.—'Tis well.

Permit me, princess, to depart.

Lac.—One moment. (*Aside to Malati.*)

Say, shall I ask the dame who is the youth,

And what his origin?

Mal.—Do so, I long to hear it.

Her father's love, reminded of examples
That vindicate the free choice of a husband.
Her admiration of her youthful lover
Is now approved by his illustrious birth
And my encomium of his high descent :
All this must strengthen and confirm her
passion,
And now their union may be left to fate.

Exeunt.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

THE HOUSE OF KAMANDAKI.

Enter BUDDHARAKSHITA and AVALOKITA meeting.

Buddh.—Ho, Avalokita! where is our dame?

Ava.—Do you not know? Disregarding the season for collecting alms, she is ever with the princess.

Buddh.—And where have you been?

Ava.—I have been to Madhava by her orders, to tell him to repair to the public garden of the temple of *Sankara*, and place himself in the grove of red *arska* trees, that extends to the *Kantaki* bower.

Buddh.—For what purpose?

Ava.—This is the fourteenth day of the dark fortnight. Persuading the princess that the god *Sankara* is to be propitiated with offerings of flowers gathered by one's self, the dame takes her and *Livangika* rather, and whilst the former is collecting her oblation, she and Madhava will, as it were by accident, again encounter. But where are you going?

Buddh.—I am on my way to my friend *Madayan-tika*, to accompany her to the temple of *Sankara* also. I looked in to pay my respects to the priestess.

Ava.—And how speed yon in what you have in hand?

Enter MALATI and LAVANGIKA.

Mal.—(*Apart.*) Alas! my father loves his child no
more,

But offers her a victim to ambition.

One hope alone sustains me.

Lat. Taste, my friend,

The freshness of the breeze, that sweeps the
blossoms,

And wafts around the *champaka's* perfume,

Breathing melodious with the buzz of bees

That cluster in the buds, and with the song

The *kul* warbles thick and hurried forth,

As on the flow'ry mango's top he sits,

And all inebriate with its nectar sings.

The garden gale comes wooingly to sip

The drops ambrosial from thy moonlike face.

Come on, those shades invite us.

(They retire.)

Enter MADHAVA.

The pious dame is here—her presence fills

My heart with rapture. So the peafowl hails

The flash that heralds the approaching shower

Lavangika—the third—'tis she—

'Tis Malati! Ah me! a sudden chill

Pervades my heart and freezes every faculty,

To marble turned by her moon-beaming

countenance,

Like mountains ice-bound by the gelid ray

Shot on their summits from the lunar gem.
 How lovely she appears, as o'er her frame,
 Like a fast-fading wreath, soft languor steals
 And heightens every beauty. Now mine
 eyes

Are conscious of their being. As I gaze
 My heart consumes, and love lights all his
 fires.

Approaches unobserved.

Mal.—(Advancing.) Come, Lavangika, let us pluck
 flowers

From this delightful arbour.

Kam.—Nay, rest, my child.

Thy faltering tongue and languid frame
 evince

Fatigue—upon thy face the moist drops start,
 And those bright eyes are shut—one might
 suspect,—

Thy form such soft abandonment betrays—
 A lover's gaze were dwelling on thy beauties.
 Come sit thee here, I have a tale to tell thee.

Mal.—You are obeyed.—(Sits down by Kamanasari,
 who passes her hand under Malati's chin so as to
 hold up her face towards Madhava.)

Kam.—There was a youth, named Madhava, who
 shared

With you an equal portion of my heart.

Let.—So we have heard.

Kama.—He, from the luckless day
Of Kama's festival, has ceased to be
The master of himself, and though he told not
His sorrows to the moon or faithful friend,
His changing form, still lovely in decay,
Revealed the anguish he disdained to utter.
I hastened to his aid, and quickly guessed
The cause of his distress, when I was told
He had beheld this lovely countenance,—
The moon that swayed the heaving of his
heart.

Like the deep waters of the tossing main.

Malin, Grand: How well she penetrates my secret!

A's—Reckless of life, his only pleasures now
 Are tasks that feed and aggravate his flame.
 He gazes on the mango buds, he listens
 Attentive to the bird's song, he breasts
 The breeze impregnate with the flowery
 fragrance.

He hugs the lotus blossoms to his heart,
And basks beneath the deadly lunar beam —
This first fond passion preys upon my son,
And soon, I fear, cuts short his gentle being.

M.C.—(To Lavanika.)

Why does the same alarm me thus with fear
 For life so dear to all: what can I say?

Lat.—(To Kamandini.)

You are not terrified alone—like tears
Pervade us for the princess. She has often

Kam.—My heart is filled with sorrow and delight.
 I pity her sad state, even whilst I joy
 To find her justly conscious of desert.

Leo.—Behold these proofs, this picture of her lord !
(Discarding the garment over her breast.)

And this decaying wreath, strung by his
 hands,

Dear as her life, thus cherished in her bosom.

Madh.—How enviable, dear garland, is thy fate,
 Thus to be cherished like a friend, and
 waving
 A graceful banner o'er that lovely bosom.

(A noise behind.)

“What ho ! beware !” in youthful strength and
 sport,

The tiger, in the temple's porch confined,
 Has burst his iron cage, and roams at large,
 With tail high waving like a banner, vast
 And might limbed, he stalks along the
 groves.

Now in the midst of mangled forms his paw,
 As ponderous as the thunderbolt, has felled,
 The monster stands, and in his maw engulfs,
 Wide as a cave, the quivering flesh, or
 grinds,

The crackling bones with hard, sharp-pointed
 teeth,

From his deep throat he roars in thunder loud,

Oh, horror ! we are distant, — now he views
A maid — she flies, he follows.

Act. — Madayantika !

Kam. — Behold, a youth advances — now he stoops
To grasp a fallen sword.

Mam. — He throws himself,

Brave youth, before the tiger 'tis my friend !
'Tis Makaranda.

Act. — Noble, valiant youth !

Mam. — Alas ! the beast has wounded him.

Kam. — Joy, joy ! the savage falls.

Act. — What fate have we escaped !

Kam. — My generous son, he bleeds profusely
Supported by the trembling maid, he rests
Upon his sword, along whose ruddy blade
The trickling torrent reddens to the ground.

Mam. — He faints, help, holy dame, preserve my
friend.

Kam. — Fear not, fear not, but hasten to his succour.

Exeunt.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

THE SAME SCENE.

MADHAVA and MAKARANDA brought on by MADAYANTIKA and LAVANGIKA insensible.

Maday.—(To *Kamandaki*.) Befriend him, pious
dame ; oh, save this youth !

Who to preserve my life has risked his own.

(*The others.*)—What should we do ?

Kamandaki.—Sprinkle o'er their limbs.

The water of this ewer, and fan their faces

With your light robes.

(*They fan the youths and cast water from the Dame's kamandalu, or waterpot carried by an ascetic.*)

Mad.—Sighs and looks up.

Why thus alarmed, my friend ?—I am well,
Quite well.

Maday.—(With delight.) Ah me ! he is restored.

Malati.—(Puts her hand to Madhava's forehead.)

Lavangika.

How happy you, your friend again is conscious !

Mad.—(Retiring.) Rash youth, where are you ?

here to my heart.

(*They embrace ; Kamandaki hangs o'er them.*)

Kam.—I revive. (*They all express delight.*)

Lav.—We all partake your joy !

Buddhakshita.—(*Apart to Madayantika.*) This is
the youth.!

Maday.—That, that is Madhava I know, and this
Is he you mean.

Buddh.—Have I not spoke him truly ?

Maday.—Were his worth

Less than it shows, you had not so described
him.

And Malati, as rumour runs, has fixed
Her heart upon his friend.

(*Turns to look at Makaranda.*)

Kam.—(*Observing them apart.*)

Approving destiny has wrought to-day
The interview of yonder pair.

(*Aloud to Makaranda.*) Tell us, my son, by
what propitious chance,

Conducted to this grove, you came to save
The life of this dear maid ?

Mak.—I came to seek

My friend, directed to the grove of *Kam's*
By Avalokita, and charged with news
I gathered in the city, which I feared
Would add to his affliction, when I saw
This noble maiden flying from the wrath
Of yon ferocious animal.

Kam.—(*Apart.*) 'Tis time

To pledge the faith of Malati, (*Aloud.*)
My son,

(*To Madhava.*)

The joy your friend's escape must needs
afford you.

Is fit occasion for you to present

Some token of regard to Malati.

Mal.—I willingly obey, and since to her

I owe my own recovery from the mist

The peril of my friend spread o'er my senses,

Here for returning consciousness, I pledge her,

A free-will offering each,—my heart, my life.

Lad.—I answer for my friend! she deems the gifts

Deserving her acceptance.

Mal.—(*Apart.*) On my word

The youth knows when to proffer what is sure

To meet with willing ears.

Maday.—(*Apart.*) But this news!

What should it be to render him unhappy?

Madh.—Now, Makaranda, tell us what you heard,

That threatened to afflict me?

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess.—(*To Maday.*) Lady, the minister, your brother
Nandana,

Desires your presence. It has pleased the king

In person to announce, that *Bhadrivasa*

Consents this day to give him Malati:

He wills you therefore come and share his
happiness.

Mal.—He brings you my intelligence.

(*Malati and Madhava express their despair.*)

Maday.—(Embracing *Malati*.)

My dearest friend, this is indeed delightful.
One city saw owe birth ; our infant sports
And opening youth have ever found us friends
And now you are my sister, and the pride
Of our illustrious house.

Kam.—In truth, my child.

Fate is propitious when she grants your brother
A bride like this.

Maday.—We rather thank your prayers.

My friend *Lavangika*, our every wish
Is gratified, now we obtain your princess.

Lav.—It may be we have no concern with it.

Maday.—Come, wench (to *Buddharakshita*), let's
hasten and get every thing
In order for the bridal.

[*They exit.*]

Budd.—I attend you.

Lav.—(Apart to *Kam*.) This interchange of looks,
from eyes that roll

Like the soft tremulous lotus, and express
The dear emotions and the new delights
That fill and agitate the heart, reveal
This couple conscious of the like desire.

Kam.—No doubt, they taste like pleasure from the
look

So oft repeated, and the furtive glance
Tells a plain story ; sidelong and slow the eye
Glides to the angle of the drooping lids,

Half-closed by passion's birth ; the brow is
raised

In gentle curve, and the loose veiling lashes
Tremble in soft-abandonment : all speaks
The inward consciousness of new delight.

Maday.—(*To Buddhi.*) Sure I shall see again this
graceful youth,

The saviour of my life ?

Buddhi.—If fate so pleases.

[*Exeunt with Attendant.*]

Madh.—(*Apart.*) Now let the thread of hope, long
idly cherished,

Snap like the fibre of the lotus stem.

Come, boundless anguish, but by death
relieved,

And frantic-grief, avowed despair possess

My every thought ! be destiny appeased,

And love work all his vengeance. Adverse
fate

Delights to aggravate my woes, and mocks me
With disappointment, after I have won—

No common prize—affection like my own.

I marked her as she heard her father's will

Pale as the moon before the morning sun,

Her lovely countenance revealed her sorrows,

And added sharper poignancy to mine.

Kam.—(*Apart.*) I cannot bear their grief, and hope
destroyed,

Life is a burthen (*Aloud.*) Madhava, my son,

Tell me, have you indulged the expectation,
The minister would give his daughter to you?

Madh.—(*Bashfully.*) No, never, never!

Kam.—Then were you ill apprised
Of past occurrences.

Mad.—We know this, dame,
That Malati already is betrothed.

Kam.—You know what you have heard, to all 'tis
known,
That when the monarch for his favourite sued,
The minister replied, "Your majesty
Is master of your own—"

Mad.—So rumour goes.

Kam.—To-day we learn the king has given Malati
As if she were his own. But mark me, son;
The bond of human actions is good faith,
And promises control the acts of men.
In speech, the seeds of good and ill reside,
And all events are upon words dependent.
Do you not see in *Rhursasa's* answer
A covert import lies?—for Malati
Is not the daughter of the sovereign;
Nor law nor social decency acknowledges
A monarch's will as the authority
To regulate a daughter's bridal compact.
Fie on it! It is not to be thought of—
And more, my son,—doubt you my vigilance?
Why, then, alarm the tender child with fears

Of such a fate I would not wish your foes?—
 Confide in me,—I will not spare my pains,
 Nor life, if it be needed, to secure
 Your union with the maiden.

Mal.—Well resolved.

There union is most suitable. Your heart,
 Most holy dame, though from the world
estranged,
 Is softened still with pity and affection
 Towards these thy children; and thy active
love,
 How'er opposed to penance and devotion,
 Shall like the will of destiny prevail.

Enter a MESSENGER.

The queen commands you, dame, with speed
conduct

The lady Malati to the palace.

Kam. Daughter, come.

(MADHAVA and MALATI interchange looks and sighs.)

Mal.—*(Apart)* Out on the world's vicissitudes!

Fate, like a friend, first shows by blooming
maid,

With tender passion like my own inspired
 Then with capricious fickleness afflicts
 My heart with deeper anguish.

Mal.—*(Apart)* Come what may,

This happiness is mine,—I have beheld him

Lee.—This barbarous minister has taught my friend
 To hate her being.

Val.—(Apert.) Love of life has borne
Its fruits mature —my father's cruelty,
Stern as the offerer of human sacrifice,
And fate, alike relentless, have achieved
Their task. Ah me, unhappy ! to what friend,
To what kind refuge, can I now repair ?
(Exit with Kamandaki and Lavangika.)

Maid.—I fear me much, the hope the dame
encouraged
Sprang from the dread she entertained for her
Whom she has loved from birth. My
luckless days
Will bear, I doubt, no fruit. What's to be
done :
(Thinking)
Apply to horrid mysteries,—what else
Remains? *(To Mubāranda)* How now, my
friend methinks you grieve
For Madayantika.

Yes — 'Tis even so
My mind recalls her timid wild embrace,
When fearful as the tender fawn, she clung,
With limbs diffusing nectar on my wounds,
Around me, heedless of her loose attire.

Yash.—She will be yours, for Buddharakshita.
Your friend, is here, and whom should she
affect
But you, whom she embraced as her preserver

Snatched by your prowess from the monster's
fangs?

Nor did her looks proclaim you were a stranger.
The fond regard those lotus eyes expressed
Was clearly no new lesson.

Alak.—Let us hence.

Bathe where the *Sindhu* and the *Para* meet,
And then re-seek the town.

(They rise and proceed.)

This is the spot.

The union of the streams, whose favoured bank
Beholds our maidens, in the frequent bath,
Forego their robes, and with their tender
hands

Veiling imperfectly their charms, commit
Their lovely bosoms to the friendly wave.

[Exeunt.]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE.—THE FIELD IN WHICH DEAD BODIES ARE
BURNED IN THE VICINITY OF A TEMPLE.

*Enter in the air in a heavenly car and in a hideous
garb, KAPALAKUNDALA.*

Glory to Saktinath, upon whose steps
The mighty goddesses attend, whom seek
Successfully alone the firm of thought.
He crowns the lofty aims of those who know
And hold his form, as the pervading spirit,
That, one with their own essence, makes
his seat
The heart, the lotus centre of the sphere,
Six-fold, by ten nerves circled. Such am I,
Freed from all perishable bonds, I view
The eternal soul embodied as the God,
Forced by my spells to tread the mystic
labyrinth,
And rise in splendour throned upon my heart.
Hence through the many channelled veins
I draw.
The grosser elements of this mortal body,
And soar unwearied through the air, dividing
The water-shedding clouds. Upon my flight,

Horrific honours wait ;—the hollow skulls,
 That low descending from neck depend,
 Emit fierce music as they clash together,
 Or strike the trembling plates that gird
my loins.

Loose stream on every side my woven locks
 In lengthening braids, —upon my ponderous
staff,

The string of bells, light waving to and fro,
 Jangles incessantly, —my banner floats
 Upborne upon the wailing breeze, whose tone
 Is deepened by the echoes it awakes
 Amidst the caverns of each fleshless skull,
 That hangs in dread array around my person.

(Alights and looks about.)

I scent the temple of Karala, near
 The cemetery, and perfumed of old
 By fetid odours from the funeral pile—
 It is my present object—for to-day,
 My wise preceptor, great Aghoraghanta,
 Calls me to aid him in the powerful rite
 That terminates his toils—to-day he offers
 The promised gift, the gem of womankind,
 A victim to the goddess. In this city
 The damsel dwells, and I must make her
mine.

(Looking out.)

But who comes hitherward, of pleasing form,
 With braided hair, and in one hand a sword ?

The other—ha, it braves the world's restraints,
And soiled with blood, determinately grasps
A lump of human flesh ! And now I look,
I know the youth ; 'tis Madhava, the son
Of the old dame Kamandaki's dear friend.
What makes him vender of the flesh of man ?—
It matters not. Now to my work, for see,
The hour of twilight hovers o'er the west,
Along the skirts of the horizon steal
The winding glooms like dark *Tamala*
blossoms,
And earth's far bounds are lost, as if
immersed
In nascent waters ; to the woods young night
Her own yet gentle shade imparts, as if
A wreath of smoke were wafted through
the air,
And spread abroad in mist before the breeze.
Exit.

Enter MADHAVA.

May those endearments yet be mine, that
 From young affection and the dawn of
 passion,
 Now first awakened in my Malati ;
 Which for an instant only to imagine,
 Inspires my heart with ecstasy unsullied
 By all impure admixture, 'Twere enough

To be enfolded in her arms, to lean
 My face upon her cheek, or to be prest
 Against her firm and palpitating bosom,
 Fragrant with perfume, and with pearls
adorned.

Yet this is too remote ; I will but ask
 To see her face, the shrine of love once more,
 Once more ! Ah no ! for ever in my view
 She lives ; assiduous memory constant turns
 To cherished hopes, and led by hourly
thoughts,

One sole idea engrosses every sense,
 Till all my inmost soul is Malati.

(A noise behind.)

Now wake the terrors of the place, beset
 With crowding and malignant friends, the
flames
 From funeral pyres scarce lend their sullen
light,
 Clogged with their fleshy prey, to dissipate
 The fearful gloom that hems them in. Pale
ghosts
 Sport with foul goblins, and their dissonant
mirth
 In shrill respondent shrieks is echoed round.
 Well, be it so. I seek, and must address them.
 Demons of ill, and disembodied spirits,
 Who haunt this spot, I bring you flesh for sale,

The flesh of man untouched by trenchant
steel,
And worthy your acceptance. (*A great noise*)
How the noise,
High, shrill, and indistinct, of chattering
sprites
Communicative, fills the charnel ground !
Strange forms like foxes flit along the sky
From the red hair of their lank bodies darts
The meteor blaze, or from their mouths, that
stretch
From ear to ear thick-set with numerous fangs,
Or eyes, or beards, or brows, the radiance
streams.
And now I see the goblin host — each stalks
On legs like palm-trees, a gaunt skeleton,
Whose fleshless bones are bound by starting
sinews,
And scantily cased in black and shrivelled skin,
Like tall and withered trees by lightning
scathed
They move, and as amidst their sapless trunks
The mighty serpent curls, so in each mouth
Wide yawning rolls the vast blood-dripping
tongue.
They mark my coming, and the half-chewed
morsel
falls to the floor — and now they fling

SCENE.—INSIDE OF THE TEMPLE OF CHAMUNDA.
AGHORAGHANTA, KAPALKUNDALA, and

MALATI dressed as a victim.

Mal.—Unpitying sire, thy hapless daughter dies !
 Mother beloved, remorseless fate consigns
 Thy gentle heart to agony. Revered
 And holy dame, who lived but for thy Malati,
 Whose every thought was for her happiness,
 Thy love will teach thee long and bitter anguish.
 Ah, my dear friend, Levangika, to thee
 But in thy dreams I henceforth shall appear !

Harriet. — (Enters behind.) My fears were true. — Yes, she is dead! — but still she lives.

Ag. r. — (*Running round quickly as in worship*)
Hail! hail! Chamunda, mighty goddess, hail!
I glorify thy sport, when in the dance
That fills the court of Shiva with delight,
Thy foot descending spurns the earthly globe.
Beneath the weight the broad-backed tortoise
reels,
The egg of Brahma trembles at the shock,
And in a yawning chasm, that gapes like a hell,
The sevenfold main tumultuously rushes.
The elephant hide that robes thee, to thy steps
Swings to and fro;—the whirling takra rend
The crescent on thy brow,—from the torn orb
The trickling nectar falls, and every skull
That gems thy necklace laughs with horrid life.

Attendant spirits tremble and applaud,
 The mountain falls before the powerful arms,
 Around whose length the sable serpents twine
 Their swelling forms, and knit terrific bands,
 Whilst from the hood expanded frequent flash
 Envenomed flames.

As rolls thy awful head,
 The lowering eye that glows amidst thy brow
 A fiery circle designates, that wraps
 The spheres within its terrible circumference
 Whilst by the banner on thy dreadful staff,
 High waved, the stars are scattered from their
 orbits.

The three-eyed god exults in the embrace
 Of his fair spouse, as Gaure sinks appalled
 By the distracting cries of countless hinds
 Who shout thy praise. Oh, may such dance
 afford

Whatever we need—whatever may yield us
 happiness!

Madh.—(*Behman*.) What luckless chance is this, that
 such a maid,

With crimson garb and garland like a victim
 Adorned for sacrifice, should be the captive
 Of impious wretches, like a timid fawn
 Begirt by ravenous wolves—that she, the child
 Of the all-powerful minister should be
 Thus in the jaws of death? Ah, cruel destiny.

Behman.—(To *Madhava*.)—

Agne.—Fair maid,

Think upon him whom thou in life hast loved,
For painless death is near thee.

Mal.—Ah, Madhava,

Lord of my heart ! Oh may I after death
Live in thy memory ! They do not die,
Whom love embalms in long and fond remem-
brance.

Agne.—Poor child, her heart is Madhava's.

Madh.—*(Drawing his sword.)* No matter

Come what come may, we must delay no
longer.

This offering vowed to thee, divine *Chandika*,
Dign to accept.

Madh.—*(Kisses forehead and smother Malati on the arm.)* Vile wretch, forbear !

Agne.—The term

Profane is thine.

Mal.—Oh, save me, save me ! *(Embraces Madhava.)*

Agne.—Princess, do not fear.

A faithful friend, who in the hour of death
Finds courage to declare his love, is near
Thee—

Be of good courage—on this impious wretch,
The retribution of his crimes descends.

Agne.—What sinful youth is this that interrupts
Our solemn rite ?

Kap.—The lover of the maiden,
The pupil of Kamandaki, who treads
This precincts for unholy purposes,
And vends the flesh of man.

Madh.—Inform me, princess,
How has this chanced?

Mai.—I know not, I reposed
At eve upon the terrace : when I woke
I found myself a prisoner.—But what led
Your steps to this retreat ?

Moth. (*Ashamed.*) By passion urged,
Incited by the hope my life might be
Yet blest by this fair hand, I hither came
To invoke the unclean spirits of the dead.
Your cries I heard, and instant hurried here.

Alm.—And wert thou thus regardless of thyself,
And wandering here for me?

"Blest was the chance
 That snatched my love from the uplifted
 sword,
 Like the pale moon from *Rahu's* ravenous
 jaws.
 My mind is yet with various passions tossed,
 And terror, pity, wonder, joy, and rage,
 By turns possess my soul.

Aghor.—Rash Brahman boy,
Thou seekest thy fate. The pitying stag
defies

The tiger in the rescue of his doe,
And both are made the forest monarch's prey —
So shalt thou perish, who darest hope to save
The victim of my sacrifice. Thy blood,
As flies the severed head before my scymitar,
Shall stream an offering to the mighty mother
Of all created beings.

Math.—Wretch accursed.

Impious and vile! Couldst thou raise thy
sword
Against this delicate frame, that timid shrunk
Even from the flowers her fond companions
cast

In sportive mood upon her—but my arm
Like Yama's mace now falls upon thy head.

Mal.—(To *Madhava*.) Lord of my life, refrain from violence

His crime is baffled, let him be. Avoid
All needless peril.

Kan.—(To Aghor.) Holy sir, be firm ;
Destroy the culprit.

Math and Aghor.—(To the women.) Banish your
alarms.

The villain dies. What other chance should
wait

The issue of the contest, when the lion,
Whose talons light upon the elephant's brow,
As falls the thunderbolt upon the mountain,
Raises their might against the feeble deer.

(A noise behind.)

What, ho! ye who are now in search of
Malati,

The venerable priestess whose commands
Are ever wise, enjoins ye to surround
The temple of *Karala*. This can be
The act of none but him who ministers
To the terrific goddess, and the princess
Can be an offering for no other shrine.

Kap.—We are surrounded!

Aghor.—Greater is the need
Of manly resolution.

Mal.—My dear father!
My venerable mistress!

Madh.—I will place
The princess out of peril with her friends,
Then swift return for vengeance.

*(He carries Malati off and returns confronting
Aghoraghanta.)*

Now let the falchion piecemeal hew thy form,
Ring on thy bones, and cleave thy sinewy
joints,
Sport in the yielding marrow, and divide,
Resistless in its fury, limb from limb.

[Exeunt fighting.]

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

ACT VI.

A PUBLIC PLACE.

Enter KAPALKUNDALA.

Alas! the cruel Madhava has slain
 My venerable master in the cause
 Of Malati. In vain, I strove to stay
 His ruthless hand; he spurned my supplica-
 tions.

What now remains?—vengeance? Yes,
 Madhava,

Thou yet shall feel my fury—no repose
 Can the destroyer of the serpent brood
 Expect to taste—the mother snake retains
 Her wrath unmitigated, whets her fangs,
 And hoards her venom, wakeful for revenge.

(Without.)

Ho, warriors! haste, be quick in preparation
 Appointed by the elders. Let the Brahmins
 Recite auspicious strains. Let all devise
 Ingenious shows and fitting invocations,
 Propitiating fate—for near at hand
 The bridegroom train approaches. Till they
 come,
 Obedient to the holy dames' injunctions.

Mal.—(*Approaches.*) My lord, you are favoured by
fortune.

The lady Malati is on the road, at the head
of the procession.

Madh.—Can it be true ?

Mak.—Why should you doubting question ?

They are at hand ; for hark, a hollow murmur
Like that of rushing clouds, before the gate
Comes sudden on the ear, and now the drums
That peal in joy drown every other sound ;
Here from the lattice we may see their march.

Ka!—Look, master, see how the white umbrellas
float like trembling lotuses in the lake of the atmos-
phere. The numerous banners undulate like waves
as they play before the wind of the Chowris, which
hover about like swans ; and now the elephants ad-
vance, their golden bells tinkling as they stride ; they
are mounted by merry bevvies of damsels, singing songs
of rejoicing, uttered indistinctly as interrupted by
the betel that perfumes their mouths, and blazing like
rays of light with glittering of jewels variegated tints,
as if they were so many portions of the heavens deco-
rated with fragments of Indra's bow.

Mak.—The state of *Bhuribasu* is, in sooth,

Most princely. As the countless jewels shoot
Their blaze into the sky, the heavens reflect
The countless hues, as if the peacock's plumage,
Or the mixed colours of the painted jay,
Played through the air, China's gorgeous silks

Vested the atmosphere, or *Indra's* bow.
 Displayed throughout its many coloured
 radiance.

Kul.—The throng of attendants hastily forming a circle fall off to a respectful distance, and keep back the crowd with staves, covered with silver and gold. Her elephant, painted with vermilion, resembles the ruddy dawn, or with the starry garland on her brow, looks like the brilliant night. But she herself, the lovely object of all eyes, as pale and delicate as the new moon, advances from the ring.

Mak.—The beauteous damsel well becomes the grace
 Of bridal honours. Her emaciate form
 And pallid cheek, although they plainly show
 Deep-rooted grief, heighten her loveliness,
 Like some fair plant just budding into flower
 And withered at the core. Behold ' my friend,
 The elephant kneels.

Mad.—And Malati descends,
 And with the priestess and her faithful friend
 Lavangika, comes hither.

They withdraw.



SCENE III.—INSIDE OF THE TEMPLE.

Enter KAMANDAKI, MALATI, and LAVANGIKA.

Kam.—(To herself.) May fate assist the wishes of
our hearts,
And may the just gods crown them with
completion
May I attain my aim, and this device,
That binds the children of my friends in love,
Secure their future happiness.

Mal.—(Apart.) Ah me!
What blest occasion will afford the means
Of death to free me from the world?—but no,
Death comes not to the wretch who prays his
aid.

Kam.—(Apart.) This final parting from her love has
plunged
My poor friend in despair.

Enter a FEMALE ATTENDANT with a basket.

Att.—(To Kamandaki.) His Excellency, dame, desires
me to inform you, that his Majesty has sent this
bridal dress and these ornaments, that Malati may put
them on in presence of the deity.

Kam.—'Tis rightly judged—the place is most propi-
tious.

Let us behold the gear!

Att.—This is the corset of white silk; this is the red muslin mantle—these are the ornaments; this the necklace—this is sandal, this the chaplet of flowers.

Kam.—(*Apart.*) It were a pleasant trick, and
Madayantika

Will not be sorry to behold the youth.

(*Aloud.*) Inform the minister it shall be done

As he directs. (*Exit Servant.*) Daughter,
Lavangika,

Attend the princess to the inner shrine.

Lav.—Where tarry you meanwhile?

Kam.—I would remain

Alone, and leisurely investigate

The value of these jewels. (*Exit.*)

Mal.—(*Apart.*) Left with Lavangika alone!

Lav.—This is the door. Here let us enter.

(*They enter.*—*Scene changes to the interior of the Temple.*)

MADHAVA, MAKARANDA, and KALAHAMSA discovered

Mak.—They come; let us conceal ourselves awhile,
Behind this pillar. (*They hide*

Enter MALATI and LAVANGIKA.

Lav.—Here is the perfume for the person—here
The flowery garland. (*Offering them.*)

Mal.—What are they to me?

Lav.—Consider, my dear friend, you are sent here
By your respected mother to propitiate

The deity, and thus invoke good fortune
On the commencement of the marriage rite.

Mal.—Why thus distract a wretch whose heart is torn
With pangs intolerable, and whose mind
Is tortured by the wanton cruelty
Of unrelenting fate ?

Lav.—Alas ! what would you say !

Mal.—Whatever he whose fortunes are, like mine,
Blighted by unavailing hopes, might counsel.

Mak.—Heard you ?

Madh.—I heard—what little cheers my heart.

Mal.—(*Embracing Lavangika.*) My dearest friend,
the sister of my soul,
Your hapless Malati, about to die
Unwedded, begs one proof of your affection,
From earliest infancy you have replied
Unvarying to my confidence—ah ! now,
Do not the first time disappoint my hopes—
Bear still my image in your heart, and see
The lotus lovely countenance of Madhava,
The shrine of each auspicious excellence.

(*Weeps.*)

Madh.—(*Behind.*) Delightful words that fortunately
shed
Their nectar through my heart, and o'er my
frame ;
Diffuse the powerful medicine that restores
The vigorous bloom of life's decaying flower.

Mal.—Then tell the brave preserver of my life,
 He must not, if he ever prized my love,
 When he shall here that I am dead, attempt
 His days, but live to cherish my remembrance :
 Tell him, I hope he will not wholly lose
 The recollection of this life's events ;
 Although the tenant of another world,
 I here shall live in memory alone.
 Do this, and all your Malati's desires
 Your kindness will bestow.

Mak.—Alas, poor girl !

Madh.—The sad yet sweet tones of her fond despair
 Awake contending sentiments—her grief
 Excites both joy and pain, and fills my mind
 With anguish and delight.

Lav.—I am overcome
 With horror ! let me hear no more, my friend,
 Words of such evil omen.

Mal.—Ah, Lavangika,
 You love the life of Malati alone—
 Not Malati.

Lav.—What mean you ?

Mal.—I have borne
 Thus long a hateful life, sustained alone
 By flattering promises I yet might wed
 The lord of my election. This is past ;
 But 'tis my firm resolve to end my days,
 Ever the same, as I have lived before.

To the divinity whom I have served—
 Then do not thou oppose me in my purposes.
(Falls at her feet.)

Mak.—Her love is boundless.

(Lavangika beckons to Madhava.)

Go, take her place.

Madh.—I tremble.

Mak.—'Tis a sign

Of coming happiness!

Madh.—I go. *(Approaches gently and takes the station of Lavangika, who retires.)*

Mal.—*(Kneeling.)* Speak your assent, my friend.

Madh.—Forego such desperate purpose, simple maid.

My heart, dear girl, will never bear thy loss.

Mal.—Behold me prostrate till you give consent!

Madh.—What can I say, desponding as thou art?

Do as thou wilt; but first this fond embracer.

Mal.—Now I am blest!

(Rises and throws herself into Madhava's arms.)

I have but half my friend;

For my fast-flowing tears obscure my sight.

Firm as the lotus cup, and smooth with down,

Thy form recalls a contact that allays

The fever of my grief: oh, bear its owner,

With hands thus elevated to your brow,

My farewell message. 'Tis long since these
 eyes

Have lost the sight of thy engaging coun-
tenance.

As brilliant as the broad bright beaming moon,
And lovelier than the full-blown lotus flower.

The sufferings of my frame, which not the
rays

Of the mild lunar orb, nor the cool breath
Of Malaya could appease, have long dis-
tressed

My friendly train with bitterest affliction.

My heart, whose firmness, by incessant cares
Still growing more unbearable assailed,

Had sunk, was yet by hope sustained ; but
now

I hope no more. Let me still live, dear
friend,

In your remembrance ; and when I am gone,

May this the work of Madhava, preserved

Next to your heart, whene'er it meet your
gaze,

Bring to your mind the Malati you loved.

*(Goes to hang the garland round the neck of
Madhava, and discovering her mistake
starts back in alarm).*

Madh.—(Apart.) The gentle pressure of her heaving
bosom

Has spread delightful coolness through my
frame,

As if combined upon my skin were strewed

Sandal and camphor—*sarvata* and pearls—
The lotus fibre or the moonstone's dew.

Mal.—Lavangika betrays me!

Madh.—Gentle maid,

Your own experience only cannot teach you
What others have endured—but this belief,
Such days as you yave passed, such have I
known,
Whose fevered flames have raged in every
vein,
And anguish wrung conscious existence from
me—

Thy love alone preserved my fleeting life.

Lav.—You are ensnared, my friend, as you deserved.

Kal.—This mutual confession is pleasant enough.

Madh.—Princess, you are merciful, it is true.

My friend has undergone so sad a time,
And yet exists—now may his hopes be
crowned,
And with that plighted hand the golden
thread
Shall gird, be happiness his future portion.

Lav.—How can you name the golden thread that
girds

The bridal hand? Observe you not, her
heart

Is agitated with the apprehension
Of an immediate and unwelcome marriage.

Mal.—(*Apart*). Out on it—What is this? it it becomes

A maiden's honour.

Kam.—(*Entering.*).—How now,

My gentle child?

(*Malati throws herself into her arms.*)

Kam.—Look up! behold the youth who shared your sufferings.

Whose eyes first caught the flames; whose heart was next

To thee alone devoted; and whose frame,

Like thine emaciate, equal passion shows.

Behold him here! Dismiss this weak timidity—

Be love obeyed and destiny fulfilled.

Lav.—What marvel, dame, our friend should be alarmed!

This is, to say the truth, a fearful personage—

The conqueror of the fierce and impious wretch

Who braved his fatal army when on the night

No moon illumed, and with no good intent,

He trod the confines of the funeral ground.

Mak.—(*To himself.*) Well said, Lavangika, the double bond of love and gratitude is well suggested.

Mal.—Alas, my parents!

Kam.—Madhava my son,

Madh.—Command me.

Kam.—This is this dearest gem of *Bhurivasu*,
 The mighty minister, whose feet are blazoned
 With the bright diadems of prostrate princes,
 Fate, pleased congenial merit to unite,
 And love and I their instrument, confer
 This treasure to your care. (*Weeps.*)

Mak.—Our hopes are gratified
 By your kind aid.

Madh.—But why these tears?

Kam.—My son, long-cherished friendship has
endeared
 The interests of your house to me; and now
 That love is consummated, for mine old
 And tried affection, and for other causes,
 I may demand you listen to my counsels.
 Then, heed my words, and pledge your faith
to me,
 You cherish this dear child most tenderly,
 When I no more behold her.

(*About to fall at the feet of Madhava.*)

Madh.—(*Preventing her.*) Forbear! forbear! your
kindness overpowers me.

Mak.—Why should you need assurance, dame, of
this—

The object of your praise—the living festival
 Of human eyes—replete with warm affection
 And brilliant worth—why, one were
irresistible—

Their union is your surety.

Kam.—My son (*to Madhava*).

Madh.—Behold me !

Kam.—Malati, my child.

Lav.—She waits upon your will.

Kam.—Remember, children—

A virtuous wife and a respected lord
Are each to either all—kindred and friends,
Wealth, love, and life, and all the heart
should covet.

Mak.—'Tis justly said,

Lav.—What further has the dame
To order ?

Kam.—Makaranda, take these robes
And dress you for the bridal.

Mak.—As you will.

Behind this curtain I can make my toilet.

[*Retires.*]

Madh.—But will not this expose my friend to peril ?

Kam.—Out on thee—what hast thou to do in this ?

Madh.—I trust me to your judgment.

Enter MAKARANDA in female attire

Mak.—My friend, behold your Malati

Madh.—(*Embracing him.*)—In truth,
The priestess highly favours Nandana,
To yield his admiration, for an instant,
A bride like this.

Kam.—Now my dear children (*to Malati and
Madhava*),—leave

Quick to the garden of my sanctuary.
 In the pavilion Avalokita
 Awaits your coming, with all means prepared
 To celebrate the nuptial ceremony.
 The rite accomplished, to the grove retire,
 Where round the arka-trees the betel vine
 Curls its pale leaves, as pallid as the cheek
 Of the fair dames of *Kerala* who mourn
 Their absent lords. The beauties of the
 scene,

Begirt with waving oranges, and musical
 With the sweet tone of numerous choristers,
 Who sip delightedly the jujube's juice,
 Shall breathe a warmer rapture on your loves.
 There loiter till your friend and his fair maid,
 The princess Madayantika, shall join you.

Madh.—This were indeed to crown my happiness.

Kal.—If luck befriend us, this will surely be.

Madh.—There cannot be a fear.

Lav.—Heard you, my friend?

Kam.—Lavangika

And Makaranda, we must now depart.

Mal.—What! must you go, Lavangika?

Lav.—(Smiling.)—I must.

This is our way.

(*Exeunt Kamandaki, Lavangika, and Makaranda.*)

Madh.—Like some fair lotus is this trembling hand,
 Along whose slender stalk the downy
 filaments

Erect extend, and from whose leaflet fingers
The pearly drops from love engendered fall.
I clasp it now in mine—as with his tusk
The elephant entwines the tender flower,
And gently wrests it from native lake.

[Exit with Malati.]

END OF THE SIXTH ACT.

ACT VII.

THE PALACE OF NANDANA.

Enter BUDDHARAKSHITA.

So far so well. Makaranda well became his disguise as Malati, and by the instructions and good fortune of the dame has played his part unsuspected, and has been wedded to Nandana in the palace of the minister. Kamandaki then took leave, and has gone home, anticipating that the attendants will all be wearied with the bustle of the festival of bringing the bride to her husband's house, and that the evening will be favourable to the execution of our design. In the meantime, Nandana, impatient to possess his bride, first endeavoured to soothe her alarms, and humbled himself at her feet. Finding this in vain, he had recourse to violence; but he was so severely handled by the supposed maiden that he was compelled to desist. Enraged at the treatment, the tears starting from his eyes with pain and vexation, and his speech inarticulate with fury, Nandana vowed he would have no more to say to one who was no better than the wanton of a boy. With this determination he left the apartments, and with this

opportunity we may bring Madayantika and Makaranda together.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—MAKARANDA and LAVANGIKA on a couch in woman's attire discovered.

Mak.—You are confident that Buddharakshita
Will make no blunder, and so disappoint
The project of the priestess ?

Lav.—Never fear :

And hark ! the tinkling foot bells—that
proclaim
Their near approach : quick, spread this
mantle over you,
And seem sleep. (*He lies down as she
covers him.*

Enter MADAYANTIKA and BUDDHARAKSHITA.

Maday.—Is indeed my brother
So grievously displeased with Malati ?

Buddh.—No doubt.

Maday.—But this is unbecoming—let us go
And take to task this rude ill-mannered girl.

Buddh.—This is her chamber door.

Maday.—Lavangika,
Sleeps your fair friend ?

Lav.—Yes ; do not break her slumbers.
She has been sadly vexed of late, and now,

Her cares awhile forgot, she tastes repose.

Here, gently seat you on the couch.

Maday.—(*Sits down.*) Indeed

She may be vexed; that she is rude, I'm sure.

Lav.—How, should she not be fretted—with a husband

So gently kind, affectionate, and mild,

So skilled to win a maiden's confidence,

As is your brother?

Maday.—Hey, Buddharakshita,—

We blame her strange perverseness,

Buddh.—Perverse may not on all occasions be

Perverseness.

Maday.—How so?

Buddh.—'Tis true she treated with but scant respect

The husband prostrate at her feet; still this

Was maiden bashfulness, and might be
pardoned.

You cannot deem so of your brother's anger,

Who in resentment of a coy resistance,

Such as became a virgin bride to offer

To boisterous violence, forgot all sense

Of his own dignity, and had recourse

To sheer abuse—such conduct is disgraceful

To you, not us. The poets well observe,

Women like flowers are of tender fabric,

And should be softly handled—they detest

The furious passion that would force their love,

Impatient, ere their confidence be won.

Lav.—Alas! who ever heard of such behavior?

In many a house, men of exalted rank
Are wedded unto maids of gentle birth.
But who, like fire the breeze blows into flame,
Is rendered furious by the chaste reluctance
Of his young, fair, and unoffending bride.
A husband's harshness renders home distasteful
To the desponding wife, tortures her heart
With poisoned shafts, and makes her wish
for death.

Occurrences like these compel a family
To murmur sorely when a girl is born.

Maday.—(To *Buddh.*) Our friend Lavangika seems
sadly grieved.
What fault so heinous is my brother charged
with "

Buddh.—Did we not hear his words?

Maday.—What were they?

Buddh.—"I will nought
Of one no better than a stripling's wanton."

Maday.—Folly! insanity! my friend Lavangika,
It is with shame I look you in the face.
But I should have some voice in this affair,
So hear what I advise.

Lav.—I am attentive.

Maday.—Dismiss the memory of my brother's
rudeness.
Remember only that he is the husband

Of our friend Malati: and to confess
The truth, you must admit there was some
cause

For this intemperate language, though unmeet
For female ears.

Ans.—I know no cause.

Matay.—It has been noised abroad,
That Malati had plighted her affection
To the youth Madhava. This is no mystery.
But now, dear friend, exert your utmost skill,
That such ill-starred aversion to her husband
May utterly be rooted from her heart :
If not, a grievous shame will 'light upon her,
For wives, resentful and ungentle, plague
The hearts of men—this fear that I have
hinted

You will not speak of.

Lar.—Hence, you heedless girl,
To be beguiled by loose report so easily.
I hold no further talk with you.

Maday.—Nay, nay,
Be not displeased. you need not hesitate
To own the truth—what, I suppose we
knew not—
That Malati had nearly pined to death
On Madhava's account. We did not mark
The delicate beauty of her wasting form,
Like the young tender *ketaki*; we saw not
The animating influence of the wreath

Lavangika replied, "My friend esteems
These liberal gifts most worthy her acceptance."

Lav.—And who was he—the saviour of your life?
I have forgotten him.

Maday.—Think, think again.

When I was chased by the ferocious beast,
And had no hope—the guardian youth appeared,
And heedless of a person which enshrines
The worth of all the world, quick interposed
His powerful arm to snatch me from destruction.
For me he braved the monster's mighty blows,
Falling like thunder strokes; his manly breast
Was scored with wounds, and ruddier than a
wreath

Of crimson roses. But the tiger plied
His fangs and claws in vain—the hero triumphed—
The furious sagave fell beneath his sword,

Lav.—Ah, I remember now—'twas Makaranda.

Maday.—Whom, say you?

Lav.—Makaranda. (*Taking hold of her.*)

How now!

What, are we all alike? How chances it,
That one so free from passion should betray,
Without apparent cause, this agitation,
And blossom like the *kadamba* flower?

Maday.—Why laugh at me? I own I often think
Of that brave youth who, reckless of his safety,
Rushed to my aid and snatched me from the
jaws

Of all-devouring fate I frequent view him,
As the sharp pain of his innumerable wounds
Forced the big drops his exhausted limbs,
And leaning on his sword awhile he stood,
Then closed his lotus eyes and fainting fell—
Content to leave this glorious living world
For Madayantika, and in her presence.
Should I think less of one who saved my life ?

Buddh.—All this is in your person plainly told.

Maday.—Away, away ! I have betrayed myself,
Depending on your faith.

Lav.—Nay, dear girl ;

We know that which we know. Come, be
composed,
Confess the truth ; there should be no disguise
Amongst such friends as we are. Let us taste
The pleasure mutual confidence bestows.

Buddh.—Lavangika is right.

Maday.—Well, I must need
Obey my friend.

Lav.—Come, tell us how of late
You pass your time ?

Maday.—Hear me :

Before I saw the youth I frequent heard
His praise from Buddharakshita, and pleased
By her description, let my fancy dwell
Upon his absent image till my heart
Was filled with anxious longing to behold him.

At length 'twas willed by fate that we should
meet,
Though for brief interval. Oh, then I found
How deep a wound had Madana inflicted.
Life was distasteful to me—on my form
The scorching flames of passion fiercely preyed,
And filled my kind attendants with affliction.
The only remedy I saw was death ;
And anxious sought such welcome liberation.
Still Buddharakshita opposed my purpose,
Assuaged my growing sorrows, and persuaded
me

Still to endure this transitory world,
My dreams since comes to animate my hopes ;
Place in my eyes the object of my wishes ,
Bring to my ears the music of his voice,
Fold me within his grasp, and picture more
Than I dare tell you—till I wake and view,
Ah me ! the world a lone and dreary waste.

Lar.—'Tis honestly avowed, and well I know,
It costs our friend here no small pains to hide
Some of these feelings from your titling train.

Maisy.—You chatter giddily—I have done with you.

Buddh.—Repeat her not, be sure that Malati
Has in her ear some similar confession.

Maday.—Nay, nay, you must not laugh at Malati.

Buddh.—Well, I have done, and now my tender
friend,

I have a question for you, if you promise me
Inviolate secrecy,

Maday.—What breach of trust

Have I committed, that there needs such
promise?

My heart is wholly yours and Lavangika's.

Buddh.—If Makaranda cross your sight again

By any accident, what would you do?

Maday.—My eyes would rest unwearied on his form,

And on my heart would heavenly rapture fall.

Buddh.—And if, by love directed, he should offer

Such gentle violence as *Kickman*

Endured from *Purnushottama*, and wrung

Your bridal vows from you?

Maday.—(Sighing.) Why tease me

With such vain hopes?

Buddh.—Nay, answer me.

Lav.—Those sighs,

Deep-drawn, betray the secrets of her heart.

And give you plain reply.

Maday.—What do you think of me?

He bought this body when he risked his own

And snatched me from the tiger—I am his.

Lav.—'Tis generously and gratefully resolved.

Buddh.—You will remember what you have now said.

Maday.—Hark! (*Drums without.*)

The drum proclaims the second watch begun;

I must disturb my friend, and try to soothe

Her indignation at my brother's conduct,
 And then to rest. Why, Malati, asleep?
*(Goes to the couch, Makaranda shows his
 face and catches hold of her hand.)*

Hey, who is this?

Mak.—Fear nothing, gentle maid;
 Let not that palpitating breast distress
 Your slender waist. In me, behold your slave!
 By your avowed affection elevated
 To highest ecstasy.

Lav.—*(Holding up Madayantika's face)*
 Behold your lover!
 The object of your hopes. Within the palace
 The servants soundly sleep—the night is dark,
 Now show your gratitude, let us take off
 Our tinkling anklets and depart.

Maday.—Where should we go?

Budh.—Where Malati has gone.

Maday.—What! has she fled?

Budh.—She has; now let me see,
 What I must think of you.

(Madayantika weeps.)

(To Mak.) Noble youth,
 My dear friend gives to you—herself.

Mak.—This is
 A glorious conquest, and to-day I reap
 The harvest of my youth—upon whose festival,
 In proof of friendship, the fish-bannered god

Presents me in his bounty this dear maid.
Come, by this private entrance let us fly ;
Our nightly journey will not want its
pleasures.
The breeze that cool and fragrant sweeps
along,
The lofty terrace or the palace top,
Reveals the joyous scenes it has surveyed,
As with the camphory balm, and flowery
perfume,
And winery odours ; redolent it blows.
[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SEVENTH ACT.

ACT VIII.

THE MANSION OF KAMANDAKI.

Enter AVALOKITA.

Whilst my mistress has gone to the palace of Nandana, I will seek Madhava and Malati. Ah, there they sit, upon the marble platform crowning the steps of the lake, refreshing themselves after the heat of the day. I will join them.

Exit.

THE GROVE.

MALATI and MADHAVA discovered.—*To them,*
AVALOKITA.

Malati.—Night, ever friend to love, now spreads its
shades.

Faint in the east the gentle moon-light gleams,
Pale as the palm's sear leaf, and through
the air

The slowly rising breezes spread around
The grateful fragrance of the ketaki.
How shall I win this maid to confidence?
My dearest Malati, whilst I retain
The cooling influence of the evening bath,
You are oppressed with heat—the trembling
drops,

Would he were come, that I might gaze
upon him

With eyelids never veiled, and all reserve
Discarded wholly, I might fly to him
And clasp him in my arms!" Those were your
words;

And now, what contrast!

(Malati looks at her spitefully.)

Madh.—*(Apart.)* The dame's disciples,
Are all endowed with clear intelligence
And eloquence of speech. *(Aloud.)* How,
Malati,
Speaks Avalokita the truth?

(Malati shakes her head.)

Or are you sworn to silence, by the lives
Of those whom best you love?

Mal.—*(In a hesitating manner.)* How should I
know, my lord?

Madh.—*(Delightful, though imperfect sounds.)* But see!
(Pause.)

What should this mean? The starting tear-
drop steals,
From those fawn eyes, and glisten on
that cheek,
Upon whose pallid hue the moon-beams play,
As if the lunar orb desired to quaff
The nectar of its beauty.

Adv.—Why is this?

Why start those tears?

Mal.—(To her.) How long must I regret
 The absence of Lavangika ; is it
 Not possible to gather tidings of her ?

Madh.—(To Avalokita.) What says my love ?

Ava.—You have recalled the memory of Lavangika,
 And she is anxious for some news of her,

Madh.—It was but now, I ordered Kalahamsa
 To go, and secretly collect intelligence
 At Nandana's abode. Surely the plan
 That was to win my friend a lovely bride
 Cannot have failed ?

Ava.—Be sure of it,
 But tell me, Madhava,
 You gave your life and heart to Malati,
 When brought again to consciousness—
suppressed
 By fear for Makaranda's bleeding wounds,
 Now, if that friend beloved should win the maid,
 And thus your happiness should be increased,
 What gift remains to speak your gratitude
 To him who may impart the pleasing tidings ?

Madh.—She tells me what to do. (Looking at his bosom.)

This garland, wove
 Of the sweet flowers of that beauteous tree
 That graced the grove of Madana, beneath
 Whose conscious shade I first saw Malati,
 Shall be my free-will gift. It has been prest

Already to her bosom—from my hands
 Conveyed by her dear friend Lavangika ;
 And in her error, thinking that she gave
 The garland to Lavangika again
 To bear to me it came to me once more
 From her, by whom all that I prize is given me.

Ava.—Malati, this garland ought to be
 Something in your esteem—be on your guard
 It do not pass into a stranger's hands.

Mal.—You counsel well.

Madh.—(*Looking out.*) 'Tis Kalahamsa.

Mal.—(*Approaching.*) Fate favours you, and
 Madayantika
 Is won.

Madh.—(*Embracing her.*) The news is ecstasy.

(*Takes the garland from his neck and throws it
 on Malati's.*)

Ava.—The charge consigned to Buddharakshita,
 Is well accomplished.

Mal.—And I see
 Lavangika again.

*Enter hastily KALAHAMSA, MADAYANTIKA,
 BUDDHARAKSHITA and LAVANGIKA.*

Lav.—Help, prince ! the city-guard have stopped
 midway,
 Your galland friend ; he checks pursuit alone !
 That we with Kalahamsa might escape.

Kal.—And as we fled, we heard on every side
The gathering tumult; so that I fear fresh
force

Has joined the guard.

Ara.—Alas! how sad a chance!
One hour produces happiness and terror.

Madh.—Come, Madayantika, my dwelling,
Is honoured by your presence. For my friend—
His prowess is well known—he not alarmed;
Dread not, though singly he contented with
multitudes.

To such as he, odds are of little moment;
He needs no succour but his own right arm,
Resistless as the lion, when delightedly
He rings his clashing claws, and cleaves
asunder

The elephant's broad temples, from whose
hollows

The trickling dew flows over the shattered
cheek.

Ambitious to pursue the glorious path
A hero treads, I haste to aid my friend.

[Exit with Kalahansa.

Ara.—Assuredly these heroes will return
Unhurt.

Mal.—Do you and Buddhafakshita
Apprise Kamandaki of this mischance.
Lavangika, overtake my lord; entreat him

That he and his brave friend will think of us,
And shun all needless danger—go, be speedy.

[*Exit the three.*]

After a pause

Mal.—Lavangika delays—why comes she not?

This is a fearful interval; dear girl

(*To Madayantika*),

I will go forth along the road, and meet
Lavangika returning.

Maday.—My right eye throbs.

[*Retires.*]

As MALATI is going, enter KAPALAKUNDALA.

Kap.—Hold.

Mal.—(*Screams.*) Ah! husband! (*In an undertone*
—*stops terrified.*)

Kap.—Yes, call upon him.

Where is your love, the murderer of the pious,
The youthful paramour of wanton girls?

Let him, your husband, save you if he can.

Bird of the wild, that tremblest to behold

The hovering hawk, what canst thou hope,

long marked

My prey? I bear thee with me to Sri Parvata,

There to consign thee to a painful death,

Torn piecemeal—victim of my just revenge.

(*Carries off Malati*)

Maday.—(*Coming forward.*)

I will even follow Malati.

Ha! Malati.

Lav.—(*Enters.*) 'Tis I, Lavangika.

Maday.—How! have you seen the princess?

Lav.—I have not.

Scarce had we left the garden's boundaries,
When hearing the increasing noise, the youth
Sprang speedily away, and in an instant
Was lost amidst the throng: in vain I
followed,

And thought it better to retrace my steps.
As I returned, I heard from every house
Regret for Makaranda and his friend—
The citizens were grieving for their fate.
The king, they said, had been informed the
youths
Had borne away the daughter of the minister,
And furiously incensed, had sent his guards
To seize the fugitives—himself awaiting
Upon the palace-terrace their return.

Maday.—Ah me, unhappy! I have heard my death.

Lav.—But where is Malati?

Maday.—She went to watch

The road you should return. I then pursued
Her steps, but have not seen her since. Most
likely,

She has gone into the garden.

Lav.—Let us seek her. Hold! who comes here?

'Tis Kalahamsa: quick, your news,

Enter KALAHAMSA.

Kal.—We have got well out of the scuffle ! Oh, dear me ! I think I now see the glittering gleam of the polished sabres flashing in the moonlight—a pretty but awful appearance : and then what a tumult from the hostile force ! Assailed by the irresistible, merciless, and active Makaranda, they fled in dismay, and confusion, with a clamour which filled the whole space of heaven, like that emitted by the tossing waves of *Kalindi* when they were turned from their course by the mighty plough of *Balarama*, in fulfilment of the menace that wine had dictated. I shall not forget either the prowess of my master Madhava. He soon cleared the road of the soldiers : they ran with no little speed, those who could, while covering the road with heaps of various weapons, thrown away in their flight from the concentrated thunder-stroke of his formidable arm. The king has truly a regard for merit. His eye dwelt with complacency on the lovely countenances of Madhava and Makaranda, as they stood before him on the terrace, whither, after the affray was composed by the monarch's attendants, they had been respectfully conducted. Having heard their rank and connections from me, the youths received every honour, and his majesty turning to Bharivasu and Nandana, who stood nigh, their faces as black as ink with rage and disappointment, said to them very condescendingly : "How now ! are you not content with kinsmen such as these, ornaments of the world, emi-

When they shall find how ill the limbs are
tuned.

To love, crushed, bruised, and mangled by
thy vigour.

Madh.—We must not be unmindful of the clemency
The king displayed, whose favour overlooked
So readily our offences. Come, I long
To hear the story Kalahamsaka
Has told, I know full well, to both the damsels.
You must prepare to tell the tale again,
Whilst Madayantika declines her head
Veiling her eyes with modesty, afraid
To meet the sidelong smiling glance of
Malati,

Here is the garden gate.

[They enter.]

Madh.—How ! all deserted !

Mad.—Alarmed, no doubt, at hearing our return
Was intercepted, they must have dispersed,
And hid themselves amid the garden shades.
Search we about.

*They search, and enter LAVANGIKA and
MADAYANTIKA.*

Lav.—Ho, Madayantika !

Here's Malati. Ah no ! yet late is favourable ;
The princely youths return.

Mad and Madh.—But where is Malati ?

Lav.—Where Malati ? Alas ! we thought the tread
Of feet bespoke her here.

Madh.—My heart misgives me—

My mind, on that dear maid alone intent,
Desponds, and all my inmost soul gives way.
My left eye throbs, and then these words—

ah me!

What hope remains?—he's lost to me ever!

Maday.—When you had left us, Malati despatched
The dame's attendants to their pious mistress—
Lavangika she bade convey her prayers
To her loved lord, to shun all needless peril.
Next, anxious for your tidings, she herself
Went forth to watch the road; and since that
time

I saw her not. We were even now engaged
In quest of her, amidst the shady groves,
When we encountered you.

Madh.—My dearest Malati,

How many thoughts of evil omen crowd
Upon my spirit! If 'tis in sport thou hidest,
Forego the barbarous pastime; if in anger,
Behold me humbled. If thou wouldst try my
love,

The test is undergone: oh, yield reply;
My heart can bear no more—now thou art
cruel!

Women.—O dearest friend, where art thou?

Mad.—(To *Madhava*.) Do not yield
Thus to despair—uncertain of her loss.

Madh.—Oh, think what agony she must have suffered,
In terror for my safety.

Mak.—That may be.
But we have not yet thought to seek
The venerable priestess.

Women.—Let us fly to her.

Madh.—Yes, let us haste.

Mak.—(Apart.) If we should find the dameel with
the dame.

'Tis well; if not, I tremble for her life.

Alas! too often is the happiness

That blunders, friends, or lover's taste, as brief

As lightning's transient glare.

END OF THE EIGHTH ACT.

Upon the herbage brightening in the shower
 The heavy-shouldered kine contented browse—
 Hark! how the banks of the broad *Sindhu* fall,
 Crashing, in the undermining current.

Like the loud voice of thunder-laden clouds,
 The sound extends, and like *Heramba's* roar,
 As deepened by the hollow echoing caverns,
 It floats reverberating round the hills.

Those mountains coated with thick clustering
 woods

Of fragrant *sandal* and the ripe *malara*,
 Recall to memory the lofty mountains
 That southward stretch, where *Godavari*
 Impetuous flashes through the dark deep shade
 Of skirting forests, echoing to her fury—
 Where meet the *Sindhu* and the *Madhvanati*,
 The holy fane of *Swarnavinda* rises,
 Lord of *Bhavanxi*, whose illustrious image
 Is not of mortal fabric. (*Bowing.*) Hail! all
 hail!

Creator of the universal world. Bestower
 Of all good gifts. Source of the sacred *Vedas*,
 God of the crescent-crested diadem. Destroyer
 Of love's presumptuous power. Eldest lord
 And teacher of mankind, all glory be to thee!
 (*Going.*)

This mountain is, in truth, a grateful scene.
 The peaks are blackened with dew dropping
 clouds.

And pleased the peafowl shriek along the groves.
The ponderous rocks upheave the tangled

bowers,
Where countless nests give brightness to the
gloom.

The inarticulate whine of the young bears
Hisses and mutters through the caverned hills,
And cool, and sharp, and sweet, the incense
spreads,

Shed from the boughs the elephant's tusk has
sundered.

(*Looking.*)

'Tis noon: the lapwing for the cassia's shade
From the *Gambhari* wings its way. The

pelican,
Whose beak has sipped the acid fruit beside
The stream, hastes now to plunge amidst its
waters.

The *gallinule* creeps panting to the hollow
The *Tinisa* presents, and lower down,
Amidst the woods, the wild fowl make reply
To the soft murmuring of the mournful dove,
As in her nest she pours her frequent song.

Enough! I now will to the youths, and offer
them

Such consolation as I may. (*Exit.*)

Enter MADHAVA and MAKARANDA.

Mal.—How dreary is the state, when nor the mind
Dare cherish hope, nor may indulge despair

Like helpless brutes, fate whirls us round
at will.

And ever plunges us in new misfortune.

Madh.—Ah Malati, where art thou? How so soon
Couldst thou desert me, ere my truth was
known?

Remorseless maid, relent—behold my sorrows!
How canst thou prove thus cruel to that
Madhava.

Once so beloved! Behold me! I am he,
On whom thy hand, bound with the golden
thread.

Conferred in other days embodied bliss.
Alas! my friend, where in the world again
Shall equal tenderness be found? I long
Endured with withering limbs, like drooping
flow'rets

The feverish pangs of love, till in the end,
Unable further to sustain the conflict,
I was content to cast away my life
Like worthless grass. What then remained
for me

But to secure with gentle violence
That precious hand? Before the marriage rite
Ere I had dared to hope, you may recall
My still increasing passion, sealed with tears,
Emaciate limbs, and heart-distracting anguish.
Such as I was, I am; and still my mind
Is tormented with agony. How strange it is,

That o'er the wave the bending *bayas* scatters,
 Or jasmine clustering round the flowery shore.
 Observe, how smile the mountains, thickly set
 With budding *kutajar*, up to the very peaks,
 Where stretches dark the canopy of clouds,
 Inspiring rapture in the dancing peafowl.
 Thick on the hill's broad bosom the *kadamba*
 Shows bright with countless blossoms on the

summit

Rest the black clouds in lengthening line—the
 streams

Descend through rows of budding *ketakar*,
 And all the waving woods now laugh,
 emblazoned

With the *silindhra* and the *lodhra* flowers.

Madh.—I mark, my friend, the distant woods present
 A beauteous sight—but what of that? Ah me!
 What else should thought suggest? The days
 approach

When the long line of clouds shall shed on
 earth

Their amaranthine drops, trembling in the
 breeze

That from the east comes powerful and embued
 With the rich odours of the *sal* and *arjuna*,
 Those days that boast the grateful interchange
 Of heat and moisture, and the fragrant breath
 The earth bestows, sprinkled with genial
 showers.

Of Makaranda—the bright ornament
 Of all the world, now perishes. Alas !
 My friend, my Madhava, thou wast to me
 The *sandal* of my form, the autumnal moon
 Of these fond eyes, and rapture to my heart.
 Now am I slain—untimely fate uproots
 A life that knew no other wish than thee—
 Remorseless, deign to smile upon thy friend.
 Speak to me ; say, dost thou not know thy
friend,

Thy fond and faithful friend, thy Makaranda !
(*Madhava appears to recover.*)

Delightful shadows shedding on the world
 New life—the cool refreshing drops that fall
 From yon, cerulean cloud revive my friend.

Madh.—(*Recovering.*) Where in this thicket may I
hope to find

An envoy to my love ? Ha ! yonder winds
 Around the mountain's brow the gathering
cloud,

Black as the tall *tamala*. As it stoops
 From its high course, it pours its tribute down
 Into the river bed, that gliding laves
 The ebon *jambū* groves laden with fruit.

(*Rises and bows.*)

Thy form the lightning lovingly entwines,
 Thy coming, thirsty *chatakas* proclaim :
 The east wind fans thee with its gentle breath
 And *Indra's* bow irradiates thy course.

The shrine of all desert, lord of my life,
 The fellow of my childhood's sports, in youth
 My fond associate, thus laments his love.

Madh.—(*Sighing and rising.*)—Such close similitude
 the hand of *Brahma*

Creates but sparingly—it must be so.

Ho! ye who tenant these high-towering rocks
 And leafy woods, I call to you; awhile
 Grant me attention. Tell me, have you seen
 Amidst these wilds a nymph of loveliest
 beauty.

Or know ye where she strays? I will describe
 Her charms. Love rages tyrant in her bosom,
 But lavishes his bounties on her form.—
 Alas! the peafowl, as he dances wild
 With rapture, drowns my sorrows with his
 cry—

With rolling eyeballs the *chakora* flies
 After his mate—the ape his female's cheeks
 Besmears with flowery dust. Whom should I
 sue to?

Vain the request unreasonably proffered.
 There, leaning on the *rohini*'s hollow stem, the
 elephant

Wearied supports his trunk upon his mate,
 With the sharp points of his vast tusks he rubs
 The corners of her eyes; he fans her form
 With his broad ears, and thrusts into her
 mouth

Thou scatterest with thy trunk the silvery
 spray
 Upon her brow?—Ah shame! why wav'st
 thou not
 The straight-stemmed lotus over her, as a
 shade

Against the sun?—Ah me I upon the brute
I waste the hours due unto my friend.
Yet Makaranda I lament the most
In this, I grieve alone—nor would I taste
Of any pleasure that thou couldst not share.
Perish the day that is not spent with thee
And with my Malati! False are the joys
That spring from any source but her and thee.

Mak.—Alas! amidst his wanderings he recalls
 The fervour of his friendship, and some chord
 Awakes his love, though reckless of my
 presence

(Advances.)—Behold me here! your faithful
sorrowing friend.

Math. — My friend, can it be true? Oh, let me be
Convinced by thine embrace. Alas, I die.
I have no hope, my Malati is lost! (Faints.)

Alas.—(Looking) Alas! the consciousness that my
 embrace
 Had waked, again has flown—what hope is
 left me!
 Alone, the sad conviction now survives
 My friend is lost to me. Ah, Madhava.

I now may banish all those needless fears
 For your tranquillity, my anxious heart
 Has in its love unceasing entertained.
 Ah, happier were the moments of distress
 That still evinced perception. All is over.
 And now this body is a barren load,
 Life is congealed, the faculties are dim,
 And all the world a blank. Time is the source
 Of ceaseless anguish, and the living world
 Cold, dead, and cheerless, now that thou art
 gone.

Now what have I to do, beholding thus
 The fate of Madhava? It shall be so—
 From this tall mountain summit will I plunge
 Into the stream, the herald of my friend,
 And glad precede him to the shades below.
(Approaching and looking at Madhava.)
 Is this the form I have so oft embraced
 Insatiate, and whose grace the eye of Malati,
 Bewildered with a love till then unknown,
 Delighted drank? How wonderful, combined
 Such countless merits with such early years.
 Upon the world's tiara didst thou shine
 The glittering gem; and now thou fall'st, a
 prey
 To death—like the full moon to Raksh's jaws
 Consigned—or like the volumed cloud, thin
 scattered
 Before the driving breeze, or like the tree,

That ere it puts its goodliest blossoms forth,
Consumes to ashes in the forest's blaze.
Let me once more embrace him, and address
My last farewell to my expiring friend.
Shrine of pure knowledge and of noblest
 worth,
Lord of the life of Malati, reflection
Of all surpassing loveliness; divinity
Of female hearts, autumnal moon, that
 swayed.
The tide of friendship's main, and charmed
 the days
Of Makaranda and the pious priestess—
My friend, my Madhava, accept this last,
This fond embrace, from him whose life began
Before thou wast, and who now terminates
His blighted days. A little while he lives—
And do not thou forbid his fixed design.
Through life I have partaken of thy fortune,
And drank in childhood of thy mother's milk,
It must not be, that thou shalt quaff alone
The sad libations of thy sorrowing kin.

(Leaves him and retires.)

Deep underneath the precipice the stream
Flows rapid. Mighty lord of Gauri, hail!
Grant me with Madhava such future birth,
That, as in this life, I again may be,
In that to come, his follower and friend.

*(Going to precipitate himself, is withheld
by Chandamini.)*

Forbear, my son! forego your desperate
purpose.

Mak.—And who art thou, that seekest to stay my will?

Saud.—Art thou not Makaranda?

Mak.—Let me go,

I am that luckless wretch!

Saud.—In me behold

The mistress of supernal power, and see
The vestiges of Malati.

(Shows the Cakula garland.)

Mak.—How! lives she?

Saud.—Do not fear. But what insanity

Is this, and how unwelcome to your friend
Where is he?

Mak.—With despair o'ercome, even now

I left him—let us seek him—haste!

Madh.—*(Recovering.)* Who wakes.

My soul to sorrow once again—the wind,

Scattering the new and heavy laden clouds.

Regardless of my woes, has broke my slumbers.

Mak.—Blest sight, my friend, revives!

Saud.—*(Looking at Madhava, then apart.)* The
forms of both

These youths has Malati with truth described.

Madh.—Hail, eastern gale! dissolve the dropping
clouds,

And gratify the longing chetaks—

Arouse the peafowl's rapture, and expand
 The blossoms of the *ketaki*—awhile,
 The absent lover, lost to sense, forgot
 His misery; thou again hast called his soul
 To conscious agony—what wouldst thou more?

Mal.—The all-pervading wind diffuses life
 To creatures animate.

Madh.—Celestial breeze,
 Bear, with the fragrant odours thou hast wrung
 From the *kadamba* blossoms—to my love,
 The life of *Madhava*—or rather breathe
 From her, impregnate with the cooling
perfume
 Of her delicious form—thou art alone
 My hope.

(Bows with joined hands applied to his forehead.)

Sand.—This is the season to present
 The well-known garland.

(Throws it over her hand.)

Madh.—Ha! the wreath I wove
 Of *bakula* flowers, amidst the sacred shades
 Of *Kuma's* temple, and long fondly worn
 Upon the bosom of my best beloved.
 It is the same—this is the part
Lavanga was pleased to hear my *Malati*
 Pretend was strung awry; a mere pretext,
 To veil the irrepressible delight,
 Her radiant countenance too plain revealed.

(Jumps up.)

Now Malati, behold ! ah no, you heed not
My hapless state—my parting breath escapes,
My heart desponds—my body is on fire,
And darkness spreads around me—oh, be
quick :

You need not mock my sorrow—cast upon me
One bliss-diffusing glance—oh, be not pitiless.

(Looking round, then at the garland.)

How did she give me this—welcome, dear
wreath,
The favourite of my love, and long her friend.
Oh, whencesoever borne, welcome, most
welcome!

When on that gentle form, the scorching flame
Of love resistless preyed, and all her maidens
Despaired—thy grateful succour saved the days
Of Malati,—she clasped thee to her bosom,
And dreamt she pressed her lover to her heart.
Well I recall thy various passages.

Between my neck and that of my beloved,
Engendering tenderness, exciting hope,
And animating passion's glowing fires.

(Puts his hand to his heart and faints.)

Mak.—Revive, my friend. (*Fanning him.*)

Majh.—Ha, Makasanda !

Dost thou not see how Malati's affection
Is sealed with her fair hand--how chanced
it fell say,

Don't thou not know ?

Mak.—This holy dame has brought
These traces of the maid.

Madh.—(Bow^{ing}.) With favouring ear,
Receive my prayers,—oh, tell me, Malati,
Say, does she live?

Sand.—Be of good cheer, my son;
She lives.

Madh.—How, where?—oh, speak!

Sand.—Some while ago it chanced,
Aghora, *ghantu* at *Maruti's* shrine
Fell by the arm of *Madhava*, in rescue
Oh his fair maid.

Madh.—Enough! I know the whole.

Mak.—How so?

Madh.—*Kapalakundala*, his partner—

Mak.—Is it e'en so?

Sand.—My son conjectures rightly.

Mak.—Alas! how beautiful did the union show
Of the bright moonlight and the lotus bed,
Till, like a dark unreasonable cloud,
Fate frowning came to intercept their joys.

Madh.—Into what dreadful hands has *Malati*,
Now fallen!—to what exposed!—O lovely
maid,
How couldst thou bear the grasp un pitying
Of the fierce fiend—like the pale struggling
moon,
By hideous meteor seized? *Kapalakundala*.

Respect her tender form—repress thy spirit
 Malign, and learn benevolence—the flow'et
 By nature delicate, should not be crushed
 With blows, but gently twined around the
 brow.

Sand.—Enough! be calm. Remorseless as she is,
 She dares not harm the maid—I will prevent
 her.

Madh. and Mak.—(*Bowing.*) Accept our thanks. Oh
 say, to what we owe
 Thy friendly care?

Sand.—It is enough, at present,
 To learn, that in your cause I will exert
 The powerful knowledge, mystic rites and
 prayers,
 Devout observance, and a sainted teacher,
 Have armed me with. Come, Madhava, attend
 me.

(*Takes hold off Madhava, and they disappear.*)

Mak.—Astonishing reverse! the fearful gloom
 Yields to the lightning flash of hope, and
 instant
 The cheated eye resumed its wanted faculty.
 (*Looks round.*)
 How now, my friend not here! what can this
 be!
 The dame is powerful in her magic rites,
 But this alarms me. From one fear escaped.

Another comes to agitate my heart .
My mind is tossed amidst delight and dread,
And doubts one moment caused, subside the
next.

I'll seek the priestess, who amidst the wood,
Is roaming with her friends, and to her ear
Impart these wondrous chances.

Exit.

END OF THE NINTH ACT.

Lav.—Obdurate heart,

Despairing, still to torture me ?

(Beats her breast, and falls on the ground.)

Maday.—Nay do not yet

Yield to despair.

Lav.—Alas, my life is bound

With bonds of adamant, and will not leave
me.

Kan.—My dear child,

From birth, Lavangika was dear to thee,

And dost thou not compassionate her now ?

Disdaining life, deprived of thee, her days

Are fading into gloom, as fluttering sinks

The lamp no oil supplies—How canst thou
quit

Kamandak, within whose garb enfolded

Thy infant, unto health and beauty grew ?

From the maternal breast wast thou confided,

A delicate pliant thing, to my guardian care,

At first to play thy sports, but more advanced

To learn the duties of thy state—now grown

To years mature, I have beheld thee wedded

To a loved husband, picked from all the world.

More than a mother's claims upon thy love

Have I—ingrate, thou leavest me to despair.

Ah me, I vainly hoped I should behold

A beauteous boy hang fondly at thy breast,

Or sport upon thy lap, his brow and forehead

White with protecting flour, his lovely face
Brightened with causeless smiles.

Lav.—Most holy dame,

I can no more endure this load of life :
This precipice relieves me of the burthen.
Grant me your blessing, that in after-life
I may once more behold my friend.

Kam.—My daughter,

Life is alike unwelcome to my bosom,
Deprived of my dear children, and despair
Invades my heart ; but different merits claim
A different birth, and if we should not gain
Reunion with our friends in days to come,
Abandonment of present life would yield
No fruit but vain repentance.

Lav.—Be it so.

Kam.—Daughter, Ma Jayantika,

Madav.—Your commands—

If they direct me lead the way to death,
Behold, I am prepared.

Lav.—Dear friend, refrain

From self-destruction—keep me in your
memory.

Madav.—Away, I am not subject to your will.

Kam.—(*Apart.*)—Alas ! there is no hope.

Madav.—(*Apart.*)—Dear husband, fare thee well.

Lav.—This is the loftiest point, and far below
The Madhumati twines its glittering zone.

Kam.—Enough—our purpose brooks not of delay.

(They are about to cast themselves down.)

(Without.) Astonishing reverse!—the fearful gloom

Yields to the lightning flash of hope.

Kam.—Who comes?—

My son,

Enter MAKARANDA.

Without your friend's say, how is the this?

Mak.—A dame of more than mortal powers has used

Her art in our behalf.

(Without.) A fearful crowd is gathered—Bhurivasa,

Despising life and spurning worldly hopes,

Since he has learned his daughter's death,

repairs,

To cast himself into the raging flames

At Swarnavinda's shrine:—Alas, we all

Shall mourn his fate.

Lav. and Madry.—How short an interval

Rejoiced those lovers in each other's sight!

Kam. and Mak.—'Tis most miraculous! what strange

events

This day alternate! Drops of fragrant sandal

And sharp-edged swords in the same shower

commingle

And sparks of flame, and streams of heavenly

nectar,

Descend together from unclouded skies.

The life-restoring drug with poison blends,

And light and gloom; and destiny entwines
The thunderbolt and lunar rays together.

Mal.—(Without.) Dear father, hold! Oh, let me
view again

The lotus of thy countenance—oh, turn
Thy gaze upon thy child. How, for my sake,
Canst thou desert thyself, the brilliant boast,
Of an auspicious race, whose fame pervades
Both earth and heaven? Ah, wherefore pur-
pose thus

Again to plunge me into bitterest woe?

Kam.—My daughter, how is this? Art thou redeemed
From death, once more to be exposed to
peril.

As lurk the demons of eclipse, to seize
The feeble moon scarce struggling out of
darkness?

Jac.—Behold our friend!

Enter MADHAVA carrying MALATI senseless.

Madh.—Alas! from danger rescued, has again
Fear fallen upon thee—who shall bar the
gate

To shut out adverse destiny?

Mal.—My friend,

Where is the dame?

Madh.—With her we hither speeded
Swift from *Sri-Parsata*; but when we heard
The news the forester imparted to us,
I missed her suddenly.

Kam. and Mab.—O dame of power,

Befriend us still; why hast thou disappeared?

Maday. and Lar.—My Malati, I speak to thee, thy
friend—

Priestess, preserve us: still she is invincible,

She does not breathe, her heart is still. Alas!

The sire and daughter are to each other,

In turn, the instrument of death.

Kam.—My dear child!

Madn.—My love!

Mak.—My friend!

Kam.—(Looking up.) What welcome drops are these
That fall from heaven to aid us?

Madn.—She revives—

Long sighs relieve her labouring breast,

her heart

Resumes its pulse, her gentle eye unfolds,

And from unconscious stillness that dear face

Once more expands, as at the dawn of day

The lotus bears its bosom to the sun

(Rebonds.) Dear to the king's entreaties, and
the prayers

Of Nandana, though humbled at his feet,

Upon the flaming merge, the minister

By me has been prevented, and repaid

To life and joy

Madh. and Mak.—(Looking up.) Mark, holy dame—
from heaven,

The kind magician pours upon our hearts

The nectar of her tidings : they surpass
The virtue of the balmly shower.

Kam.—Blest news !

All.—Our happiness is now secure.

Kam.—My child !

Mal.—The priestess !

*(Falls at her feet. Kamandaki raises and
embraces her.)*

Kam.—Restored to life, my child, to life restore
Your friends, and with your fond embraces,
cool

As lunar rays, reanimate existence
In those who live for you.

Madh.—*(To Makaranda)* My faithful friend
This breathing world may now be well-endured.

Mak.—In sooth, it may.

Maday and Lav.—Dear Malati, confirm
The happiness we see, by your embrace.

Mal.—My dearest friends ! *(Embraces them)*

Kam.—Tell me, my sons, how chanced these strange
events ?

Madh.—Our past misfortunes were the wrathful work
Kapalkundala's revenge inspired,
And that we 'scap'd her toils, our thanks
are due

To this propitious and all-powerful friend.

Kam.—Agharghanta's death was then the source
Of these mischances !

Mal.—The lingering dart

Of fear is now extracted from our hearts.

Lav.—The loves of Malati and Madhava

Will now no more be thwarted.

Mak.—See, where come

Our other friends, and faithful Kalahansa.

*Enter AVALOKITA BUDDHARA KAMITA, and
KALAHANSA.*

All.—(*Bowing*) Glory to Kamandaki, the sage

Perfector of all aims! Glory to Madhava.

The moon that sheds delight on Makaranda!

Now fate propitious smiles.

Lav.—Who does not share

This general joy?

Kam.—And that our story,

Full of strange varied incidents, is closed

In happiness, deserves congratulation.

Sav.—And Devarata and his ancient friend,

Will see with joy their children now are

joined

In that alliance they so long projected.

Mal.—(*Apart*) Hey—how is this?

Madn. and Mak.—(*To Kamandaki.*)—How sorts the
dame's discourse

With past events?

Lav.—(*Apart to Kam.*)—What's to be said?

Kam.—(*To her*) We need no longer fear

The wrath of Nandana, now we obtain

And fast to virtue cling—may monarchs,
merciful
And firm in equity, protect the earth—
May, in due season, from the labouring
clouds
The fertile showers descend—and may the
people,
Blest in their friends, their kindred, and their
children,
Unknowing want, live cheerful and content.
[Exeunt all.]

THE END.
